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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are undernourished has declined by 100 million, and the number of people who are malnourished has declined by 200 million.

There is a growing awareness of the need to ensure that the world's food supply is sufficient to meet the needs of the growing population. This has led to a number of initiatives, including the World Food Summit in 1996, which set the goal of halving the number of people who are undernourished by the year 2015.

One of the main challenges in achieving this goal is the need to increase food production in developing countries. This requires a number of factors, including access to land, water, and credit, as well as access to modern agricultural technologies.

Another challenge is the need to ensure that food is distributed equitably. This requires a number of factors, including access to markets, access to information, and access to social services.

Finally, there is the need to ensure that food is produced in a sustainable manner. This requires a number of factors, including access to natural resources, access to technology, and access to information.

There are a number of ways in which the world can meet the needs of the growing population. This requires a number of factors, including access to land, water, and credit, as well as access to modern agricultural technologies.

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ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.



A C R O S S

T H E A T L A N T I C .

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"SKETCHES OF CANTABS."

LONDON:
GEORGE EARLE, 67, CASTLE STREET EAST,
BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET.

1851.

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PREFACE.

Among the many advantages attending upon Prefaces to light works, I believe that, first and foremost, stands the fact that no one, by any chance, ever reads them. The wearied and worried author strings together a few sentences about the Public being really too benevolent, his health being really very bad, other avocations having prevented him from devoting such attention to the subject as he could have wished (all satisfactorily proving, *in limine*, that the book ought never to have been written at all), and, prefixing to the aforesaid sentences the title of "Preface," or "Address to the Reader," hurries them into a part of the volume, where they have the double merit of not being exposed to criticism, and of filling up a great deal of space.

This manifest advantage, of being able to write what one chooses, without the fear of being called to account for the absence of grammar, or of sense, will, I am afraid, be denied to my Preface. I even suspect that it will be the very first part to which those who take up the book will turn, if only to find out what excuse the Author can possibly allege for publishing a work about America at all. "At a time when we are nearly bored to death with Travels in the United States and the East," some one will exclaim, "what should induce this obscure individual to come forward and inflict his experiences upon the world? We have had enough about America." I believe, indeed, that a volume purporting to be written about the New World, enters upon life in the Old World, under the same disadvantages as a youth with carroty hair or a squint. It is an unprepossessing volume; the book-sellers shake their heads at it, and the public pass it by. It is in explanation of these circumstances that I have a few words to say.

Regular books of American Travel have, I con-

fess, been produced so plentifully, of late years, that we scarcely require any more. Increased facilities of communication have brought New York and Philadelphia, as near to us as Edinburgh and Dublin were, in the days of our grandfathers. We are no longer to be told that "Boston is a beautiful city, built upon a hill," and so on, through half-a-dozen pages of statistical information, such as travellers pick up. We have encyclopædias, and guide-books, and gazetteers, telling us all about Boston that we want to know. We have views of Boston; periodicals published at Boston; correspondents who write us letters from Boston; in fact, we know almost as much about Boston as we do about Manchester and Leeds.

But if it be contended, that because the time has gone by for writing Books of Travel in the United States, the time has also gone by for writing any kind of light work on the United States, there I take leave to disagree. I think, on the contrary, that the period when we have gained some knowledge of a foreign nation, its manners and institutions, will be that in which

we shall be most ready to read anything that is written about it ; the information that we already possess communicating an additional degree of interest to the subject. Only, that writers will have to take this increased information into account, and in treating on the particular country—as, in the present case, on America—will start with the supposition that it is already well-known, and that it is unnecessary to fatigue the reader with dry matters of detail. Take, for example, “The Sketch-Book.” How interesting was that series of papers, even to the English reader. And yet it treated on subjects as “stale” as every-day experience can make them to the Englishman. If Mr. Irving had talked of arriving in “London, the capital of England, as well as of the small county of Middlesex. Its principal streets are Oxford Street, the Strand, Fleet Street,” and so on, who would not have shut up his book with alarm ?

I have said thus much to indicate, to some extent, the nature of this book, which is not, indeed, a Book of Travels. It contains a series of “Sketches,” or “Scribblings,” or “Inklings,”

some of them written in America, and all having America for their groundwork. They are put together into a volume (perhaps it would have been wiser if they had been put together into the fire) principally from a note-book, which I kept during my ramble in that country. I have taken it for granted that every reader, with whom fortune may bless me, will have already gone through many books on the subject of the United States. I have, consequently, excluded everything in the shape of statistics or information. These will be found in other works.

I feel that some may object to the tone of this volume. "It is light and trivial," they will say. I have no answer to make to this charge. I admit that I would twenty thousand times rather be the author of a work, in fourteen volumes octavo, giving the best account of the New World and its institutions that had ever been presented to the Public—sound, dry, and useful; or of a Philosophical Treatise—deep and unintelligible. But as my powers do not extend to such productions, I have been induced to do all that I could ever aspire to do, and to submit to the

Public a volume which, light and trifling in its character, will meet with its highest reward, if it succeed in amusing an idle hour.

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ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

LIVERPOOL TO BOSTON.

On the evening of the 28th of June last, I sat, in company with two friends, looking out of my windows in the Temple. We listened to the roar of the city, and watched the pale-faced conveyancers, emerging from their haunts, at nightfall, like owls. Within a few hours, I was sleeping comfortably at the Wellington Hotel, Liverpool. In as many more, I was on board the Hibernia steam-ship, looking at the receding shores of Old England, and aroused to consciousness by the falling of a heavy trunk upon my toes.

There is no romance in travel now-a-days. It is in the privacy of our homes, and not on our way from town to town, that we must look for a visit from the plunderer and the assassin. The security, cheapness and dispatch attending a change from place to place, will, before long, have induced

many persons to prefer Pekin to Margate, and have conferred an air of gentility upon the northern and southern poles. And it was this very consideration, of cheapness united to dispatch and security, which had induced me to go to the United States for the benefit of my health, instead of choosing Brighton, or Cheltenham, or a place on the Rhine.

Of the half hundred or so of gentlemen who were thrown into each others' society, for the fortnight which was expected to elapse before our arrival at Boston, I believe that the major part were engaged in commerce, and had come to look at a passage across the Atlantic, as an ordinary—I had almost said an every-day occurrence. Knowing, by experience, how to render a sea-voyage comfortable, they had been making interest with the purser for separate berths, securing good places at the dinner-table, and inspecting boxes of cigars and mysterious-looking case-bottles, which seemed to form no insignificant or unheeded portion of their personal effects.

The uninitiated, on the other hand, having nothing to do, accordingly did nothing—an occupation, indeed, very generally followed at sea, but rendered irksome at the beginning of a voyage, when you feel that there are many artifices for enhancing your future comfort, which you might be adopting, if you only knew them. And so, you

are prevented from standing any longer in the way of the sailors, by the ringing of the dinner-bell.

As for the voyage itself, it was like all other voyages—a mixture of nausea and ennui, a distaste for food, and a longing to be on shore again. In books, I am aware that the passage of the Atlantic is invested with romance; but of this romance I had myself, personally, no experience. And I remarked, generally, that when Nature put on all her sublimity, the passengers usually went down stairs, and put on their nightcaps. I am sure that we conversed a great deal more with the stewards than with the elements. To be a poet on land, one must have a wonderful imagination; to be one at sea, a wonderful stomach. And the writers who talk with rapture of the beauties of the Atlantic, I suspect to possess the former to quite as large an extent as the latter gift.

On the morning of the twelfth day, on getting out of bed, I found that I was able to shave. Apprehensive that some convulsion of nature must have taken place to bring about this result, I interrogated the steward. We were off Halifax—and I lost no time in rushing up the cabin stairs, to catch my first glimpse of the New World.

And there was Halifax! With the passengers half-dressed and half-shaved, clustered together on the quarter-deck, to gaze at its bright white wooden houses, gleaming in the sunshine, the

clear sky above, the bustling quay beside us, the tall fortifications behind, threatening and commanding the harbour ! There were real negroes there, too, not striking banjos and clashing bones, as I half expected to see them, but standing like ordinary men, or grinning with huge, distended jaws, as they lent their hands to bear in the baskets of lobsters, of ice, and of strawberries, with which I was glad to observe that our ships' stores were about to be reinforced. There were light waggons drawn up at the water's edge, resembling those in use on the continent of Europe, and men driving them and heaping luggage into them, on whose faces I fancied I could read "Annexation" traced by the hand of nature ; on whose hearts I doubt not that the same word is being indelibly imprinted by a succession of Colonial Secretaries. Even the little urchins, a few of whom had gathered together at this early period of the morning, raised a painful thought in my mind, as they stood sucking their thumbs, and gazing at the tall masts of our vessel. "What particular day in the Calendar," I mused to myself, "which now your fathers pass by without a thought, as in no way distinguished from the rest, will *you*, my boys, when you are old and bowed down and decrepit, celebrate as the glorious anniversary of *your* deliverance from British misrule ? When will you be in a position, as an independent nation of some

standing, to call upon the then dissatisfied Australians and oppressed New Zealanders, to imitate your example? And when, in the name of wonder, will there arise in England a man to govern the colonies who has ever been in any one of them; who has any notion of the character, the wants and requirements of their respective populations; who has ever devoted any length of time, before his accession to office, to a *practical* consideration of the subject and its manifold and mighty bearings? I do not say *out* of the peerage, and the aristocratic radius of so many degrees and grades of which that institution forms the centre—for this would be revolutionary and radical—but *in* the peerage, let us pray that, some day or other, there may arise such a man!

In these possibly presumptuous reflections, I was interrupted by the voice of a man, who advanced towards me with newspapers under his arm. "Confession of Dr. Webster, sir," said he to me. "Here it is. Full information of the horrible manner in which the corpse was disposed of! Disgusting details! Intensely harrowing narrative!" or words to that effect; and then, in a lower tone, as a matter of less, though still of some importance, "Death of the President of the United States!"

Apart from the latter piece of intelligence, which, I need hardly say, I was extremely grieved

to hear, there was much in these simple exclamations of the newsman, and the manner in which he delivered them, to excite a feeling of pleasure, as reminding one of the dear home which one had left behind. The very first institution which stared you in the face was a British institution. The Americans were still Englishmen, as it appeared. They inherited that love for the details of crime, that morbid sympathy for the criminal, that inquisitiveness as to every thing connected with the dear deed of blood, which I had supposed to be indigenous to British soil. The unforgotten delights of the Mannings and Rush were about to be revived for me. And there would assuredly be a Chamber of Horrors in New York.

From Halifax to Boston is a distance of about thirty hours—steam has annihilated the reckoning by miles—but from the circumstance of the end being so near at hand, it not uncommonly seems longer than all the preceding part of the voyage. Most persons on board, too, (including those labouring under romance) have become tolerably tired of the sea. Whist, chess, and novel-reading fail, about this time, to yield any amusement. Neither does that ignominious game called shovel-board, which consists in stooping down and projecting flat slabs of wood at figures chalked on the deck. The fact is, that the majority do nothing but eat. Having only five meals a day, viz., breakfast at

eight, lunch at twelve, dinner at three, tea at seven, and supper at ten, they make the most of them, and have no sooner concluded one, than they rush out upon deck to gain an appetite for its successor. These meal-times erect themselves into so many epochs, which break in upon the monotony of their existence—oases in the desert of idle vacuity. No one can feel really sorry when, after steaming up through the beautiful bay of Boston, and seeing the town draw nearer, nearer, nearer to him, he is at length conscious that the side of the vessel touches the quay, and, a plank being thrown across, he once more sets foot on *terra firma*, emerging, as it seems to him, from the confinement of a dungeon, into freedom, and liberty, and air. I know that *I* was not sorry; and, waiting for my baggage to be examined, felt a wonderful degree of elation and self-importance, when I realized to myself that I was now actually, for the first time in my life, standing on American soil.

BOSTON.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

If there be any one class of officials, in the selection of whom the strictest caution should be used, on the part of a Government, and on whose actions, in England, Mr. Joseph Hume should keep an especial look out, that class of persons are the Custom House officers. Those who imagine that they are employed solely to fumble among the clothes for concealed lace pocket-handkerchiefs and contraband tobacco, mistake the dignity of the office, which is, in reality, to communicate to the stranger the very first impressions of the country in which he has arrived. When they are polite and condescending, we insensibly acquire the idea that all the rest of their countrymen are like them; when they are cruel and tyrannical, we cannot help conceiving a secret dislike for a Government and people, that can permit our first hours on their soil to be made so vexatious and unpleasant. And the importance of first impressions, even when afterwards proved to be erroneous, will scarcely be denied. Taking this view of the case, the first impressions of a foreigner on his

arrival at Boston cannot fail to be agreeable. It is true, that there was no highly-whiskered and scented gentleman to dive into my linen—his hands glistening with blood-stones and diamonds. This we missed. But some slight compensation for this deficiency might be found in the fact that, in about five minutes' time, such passengers as declared that they had nothing contraband about them, were seated in the two-horse hotel-coaches, with their luggage on the roof—a degree of celebrity, which I think might be imitated at certain British ports, which it would not be difficult to name.

From what I have said in the preface, no one will expect, in this place, that I should give an account of the churches and chapels-of-ease in Boston, of the number of inhabitants (distinguishing, of course, between the sects), public libraries, hotels, museums, schools and institutions, which it contains. For this information, the statistician must refer to guides, and especially to professed books of travel, of the dearth of which latter kind of works, there has not been, of late years, any very great complaint.

I shall, however, take the liberty of remarking that my walks through the streets of Boston, exhibited to me a town rather different from what I had expected. I had looked for a Liverpool or a Manchester ;—I found a city which appeared to

me to possess a strong infusion of Brussels. I know the prevailing idea of tourists is that Boston is more like an English town than any other in the States. There seemed to me, however, to be a union of the British and the Continental in its exterior aspect; an idea which was, perhaps, fostered by the blue, cloudless sky above, and the heat of the atmosphere around, as well as the bright, clean aspect of the houses—three features which would not immediately, and of themselves, recall London or Liverpool to the mind. Moreover, the construction of the houses, in some few of the streets, reminds you of France rather than England. So do the green blinds to the windows. So does the way in which the names are written up on the shops—*stores* they call them here—which, being inscribed with gold letters on black boards, and hanging about the windows in all directions, (for there is usually a separate business carried on in each story) give a most picturesque appearance to the houses. So do the awnings in the streets, shading you from the mid-day sun. So do the trees, planted in rows on each side of the way, recalling *the* Boulevard as it was before the revival of patriotism. So do the forms of the carriages and omnibuses, and the glazed hats of the drivers, and the trappings of the horses, and the horses themselves. So, above all, do the dresses of the inhabitants, which are copied strictly from

the latest Parisian fashions—the men, with their straw hats, low-waisted coats and baggy trowsers, and, in very many cases, beards and mustachios, ill adapted (it appears to me) to the Anglo-Saxon face—the ladies, with all those indescribable beauties of French *coiffure*, *chaussure*, and *tournure*, which the male sex are not to criticize, but only to admire and to pay for—the children, habited as French children usually are—the workmen, with their blue blouses and fat blue trowsers, just, for all the world, reminding you of the workmen's *Quartier*. Verily, if an Englishman were transported to certain parts of Boston, he might, for a moment or two, fancy himself in a French or German town.

He would soon be undeceived, too. Firstly, by the cleanliness of everything around him. Secondly,—when he came to walk a little further on—by the sight of a good substantial row of red brick houses, banishing from his mind all recollections of continental cities, and replacing them, by certain points of view, in the outskirts of his own metropolis. Through the half-opened windows of these, the private residences of opulent citizens, he would catch glimpses of neatness, of comfort and of luxury, which would be fraught with a sensation of Baker Street, and the purlieus of the Regent's Park. Open casements would reveal glances, of bright mirrors covered with gauze,

and chandeliers encased in brown holland, and processions of naked nymphs on the ceiling, and valuable gilt picture-frames containing highly-coloured ancestors, with flowers of every hue, perfuming the air outside from newly-painted balconies. From those abodes which are not shut up, ravishing female faces would be thrust out and too soon drawn back again; and even those where the shutters are tightly closed, reflect back a certain sense of snugness and opulence, the supposition being that the families occupying them are, by this time—trying to persuade themselves that they would not rather be at home—at some watering-place.

He would be back again, however—I mean the imaginary person I am treating of—he would be back again in France, directly he re-entered his hotel. The office of the book-keeper (by whatever name that person may be called here), with the book for putting down your style, title and place of abode; the keys hanging round in rows, which you have to apply for every time you mount to your bedroom; the stupendous altitude of that apartment above the level of the sea; the habit of dining at a *table d'hôte*, instead of ordering your dinner whenever you please, together with many other circumstances, are indications that you are in a country, where English habits and manners are by no means exclusively followed.

I only staid in Boston a sufficient time to see the more notorious lions of the place—lions already well known, and domesticated in the British mind. When I had done this, I could scarcely repress a feeling of regret at perceiving, how much everything that met the eye and the ear, resembled what I had left behind. It seemed almost like a disappointment, to have come three thousand miles, without having—so to speak—moved a single step. It is not, indeed, on inspecting the University of Cambridge—though that differs as much from its namesake, as a steam engine in the course of construction from a worn-out old stage coach; nor on looking down upon the city from the monument of Bunker's Hill; nor in rambling through the beautiful suburb of Brooklyn; no, nor even perhaps on getting into the railway cars—that the notion of his being in a foreign country can be realised by the traveller. This idea will then only be felt in its full force, when, arrived at Fall River, he sees the steam-boat "Empire State," ready to convey him to New York.

"How so?" I fancy I hear some one say "a steam-boat is after all but a steam-boat." I allow the truth of this assertion, in reference to the water conveyances which ply between Liverpool and Glasgow, or Portsmouth and Ryde. But to apply the term to the "Empire State" and the

"Bay State," can only be justified on the ground that no other has been invented. The two great funnels rising up out of the middle, like the spires of a cathedral—the tiers of balconies outside—the army of negro waiters, drawn up to receive you as you embark—the astounding *coup-d'œil* presented by the various saloons, into each of which you might stow the saloons of half-a-dozen ocean steamers such as the Hibernia—all this, and a great deal besides, strikes you with the idea of a water village or a floating city, two names which I recommend to the Direction, as substitutes for the ridiculous misnomer "steam-boat."

Supper, too, is invested with a degree of romance, which I did not suppose could, by any possibility, attach to that meal. Stretching almost as far as the eye could reach, were, tables laden with every kind of meats, and eatables in general. Gorgeous chandeliers reflected a brilliant light throughout the saloon, and every here and there, bouquets of flowers were tastefully disposed. The long rows of black waiters, who stood in expectation of the company, clad in white garments, appeared to me—who had never seen so many ebony faces collected together, save at a sweep's dinner—to communicate an Oriental air to the scene.

“ With dazed vision unawares,
From the long alley's latticed shade
Emerged, I came upon the great
Pavilion of the Caliphat.
Right to the carven cedarn doors,
Hung inward over spangled floors,
Broad baséd flights of marble stairs
Ran up, with golden balustrade,
After the fashion of the time,
And humour of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.”

I do not mean to say, that the decorations of American steamers, gorgeous as they may be, are worthy of such a description as the above. The lines suggested themselves to me at the moment of entering, and I therefore quote them. Their beauty, and the exquisite eastern perfume which seems to breathe from them, would form an apology for their introduction into a work on political economy, or an edition of Euclid.

A comfortable bed awaited me, and early in the morning I was aroused, by an unwonted noise and bustle, to the consciousness that we were at New York.

A WALK IN ~~THE~~ BROADWAY.

There is one want in America, for which, of course, the Americans are in no way to blame, but which must always be felt in a new country; I mean the want of any scenes or edifices hallowed by a sense of antiquity. It is for this reason that the traveller from the United States takes such a delight in ruins, and will go through unheard-of difficulties to contemplate an object which bears the undoubted stamp of age. It is a new emotion—thus to see embodied before him a period of the world, which he has hitherto only reached by the aid of fancy.

For a partly similar reason, I rather rejoice in the absence of antiquities from the New World. I am glad that there is no old cathedral or monument near New York, which I should absolutely be obliged to see before quitting the place, and that my time can be spent in observing active men and manners, not decaying wood and stone. I do not underrate the importance of old things, nor deny that they are capable of elevating and refining the mind. But it is in France, Spain, Italy, Greece, that these pleasures are to be

sought. We cross the Atlantic, not to contemplate the remains of what has been, but the corner-stone of what is to come, the scaffolding of a new society, instead of the mouldering walls of a grass-grown Tower or Abbey.

This is ~~the~~ Broadway up which we are walking, starting from Union Square, the most fashionable part of the town. This is the same walk as Mr. Dickens has already taken his reader, it is true ; but surely the street is wide enough and large enough for all, for the humblest etcher and sketcher as well as the great novelist. Do not let us be deterred. The same objects may not chance to arrest our attention ; or, for aught we know, the aspect of the street may be entirely changed since that time. For recollect that eight years make a century in transatlantic computation.

This is Union Square, and a very pretty square I think I hear you pronounce it, and you are right. There are houses here which would not disgrace the most aristocratic parts of London or Paris. There is a garden in the middle, with that pretty addendum to a garden—a fountain. Nursemaids are walking about in it with the children and babies of wealthy Citizens. But you see that the Inhabitants of the square do not possess the exclusive right of entering the enclosure. There are no keys to its gates, they swing open when you push them. This is a little indication of democracy,

which you may approve of or disapprove of, as you think fit. But let me tell you that the Sovereign people are their own Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and that they do the work without being paid for it.

At the further end of the square stands the Union Place Hotel, which, with the exception perhaps of the New York Hotel, is the most fashionable house in the City. Dinner is at the reasonable hour of five o'clock, and it holds out the further advantage of not publishing in the daily papers the names of the travellers who arrive. To an obscure personage this is an unimportant consideration, but to a public man, or a British Lord or Honorable, desirous of escaping intrusion, I would say "keep your place of residence concealed."

This is a very handsome Church, with the parsonage annexed to it, standing a little farther on, on the left hand side of the way. Indeed the Churches in New York are, for the most part, very tasteful constructions, and reflect great credit on their Architects. This one in particular looks like an example of the stimulus communicated to architecture by the High Church or "Puseyite" party. The party is, I believe, very much on the increase in the United States, and provided it stops short at its original object of reforming the laxities which have crept into the doctrines and

ceremonies of the Church, will have done more good than harm.

While I have been talking, I remark that you have been looking with astonishment at the door-plates on each side of the way. I have noticed the same thing. It is indeed a remarkable circumstance that every one who lives in this part of the street should be a Doctor. Of what, I should like to know? If the city contain so many doctors of medicine, what an unhealthy population there must be; if nearly every one be a doctor of divinity, what a religious population!

We are not yet clear of the fashionable and into the business part of the town. So that the rows of houses on each side of the way are the houses of opulent men—built of red brick—with the green shutters closed up tight—looking clean and glistening behind the trees which shade them. There is one over the way which has been pointed out to me as belonging to the late John Jacob Astor, the wealthiest merchant in the country. It is not so fine as one might have expected, not so fine as many others which could be pointed out. But every thing is closed now, for all the fashionables are by this time striving to enjoy themselves at one or other of the watering places—at Newport, Saratoga, or Virginia Springs. It is rarely that we meet a carriage, and still more rare to see a coachman or footman in livery. When

it does occur, it is either on the back of a negro, whom you cannot mistake, or an Irishman, who is almost as easily recognised. The genuine American thinks it beneath him, I am told, to wear the badge of servitude. This is all very well, and he has a right to hold that opinion and to act upon it. I do not however pity the English Flunky, as Mr. Jerrold, and other writers of that stamp, would have us to do. I believe that he is never so happy as when exhibiting his calves, and for my part, I cannot see that it is any degradation to him to do so.

The edifice to the left is Niblo's "*Gardens*," called so on the well-known principle of the Latin *lucus* and the English *Speaker*. A placard outside informs us that "The Island of Jewels" and "Ticklish Times" are to be the evening's entertainments. If you were to go to another theatre you would see "Box and Cox," at a third, "The Serious Family," and so on—the Americans, who have no dramatic authors, adopting our mangled and wishy-washy adaptations from the original French.

As one approaches the business part of the town, the omnibuses, as might be expected, follow each other in more rapid succession, and the crowd of pedestrians becomes greater. Everything is life, bustle and activity. Faces of every hue and race and nation shoot past you. Jew, Turk and Infidel jostle each other on the pavement; Celt, Slave,

and Anglo-Saxon tread upon each other's heels; here comes the Spaniard with his tawny face and huge moustaches—there goes the German with hazy expression like a cow chewing the cud—there the Englishman, pompous and padded. There are more foreigners, I believe, in New York than in any other city of the United States. There is certainly more life and energy, and I think I might venture to add—though this would be only a guess—more enlightenment and liberality of feeling.

An enormous red flag suspended across the street, from side to side, now informs the passer-by that this is the Olympic Theatre, where Pearce's Black Serenaders are giving their nightly entertainments to crowded and fashionable audiences. This is not an exaggeration. The Ethiopian humbug which three or four years ago was brought over from the United States to England, and after attracting attention for a little while as a curiosity, finally died a natural death, having in fact nothing but its novelty to support it, has, nevertheless, continued to flourish with undiminished lustre, in the country which gave it birth. On the very day of my arrival at Boston, happening to ask what entertainment was going on in the town, I was told "The Negro Melodists," and on visiting them for an hour or so in the evening, found myself in the midst of a crowded and applauding audience.

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, support, each of them, their troupe or troupes of serenaders at this very moment. So do most of the western cities, as I see by the advertisements in the Newspapers. *La Somnambula*, and other operas, are being played by the performers with their faces blacked, to suit the popular taste. Negro melodies are hummed in the streets. Young men when they meet you and wish to appear comical, imitate the peculiar chuckle of the sable race. This painful state of things has been going on for several years.

The worst of all this is the tendency which such an unwholesome appetite must possess to deprave the public taste, and to retard the dawning of anything like a sound National Dramatic Literature. The more educated Americans view the matter in precisely the same light. They would like to see a class of comedies and farces spring up, which should delineate the manners and customs of the white population, and should be susceptible of artistic treatment and refined acting. They are disgusted that the people should view in any other light than as a passing curiosity, the efforts to portray the "low-life" of an inferior race, by means of gross gestures, buffoonish grimaces and inane parodies. And thinking, with Voltaire, that the best notions of a people can be gained by hearing their national melodies, they ask "What must foreigners think of us?"

You will remark that we have passed no public-houses, nor gin-palaces. Every now and then, as we walk by the door of an hotel, we see a crowd of gentlemen sitting in the hall, smoking cigars, with their legs resting on any object sufficiently elevated for that purpose; hung up by the feet in this manner, they bear somewhat the appearance of slaughtered sheep. We are close upon the Irving-House and the Astor-House, the two largest hotels in New York, both of which are in the Broadway. In these hotels you would procure every luxury that money could command. You would get good society, good dinners, good wine, good everything. But neither here, nor in any other hotel in America, nor in any other quarter of the globe, would you be either "snug" or "cosy." These two words—the two most national words in our language—are exotics in every other country but England. When translated, or transplanted, they wither and die off, like the ideas which they are intended to convey.

In the fine square in which we have arrived, stands the city hall, an elegant building, fronted with white marble. We have, however, seen enough of law and lawyers for some time to come, and will accordingly push on towards a building which attracts our attention at the end of the square.

This is Barnum's Museum. The outside is com-

pletely plastered over with paintings of animals and birds. The paintings, being oval in shape and stuck against the wall, resemble tablets. Above and below, and on all sides of these gaudy-looking tablets, flags seem to grow out of the bricks. The flag-staffs are about five feet long, and the standards which flap at the end of them are of every age and country. In one of the balconies, a most detestable brass band is playing loud tunes to invite the people within. Decidedly, Barnum's Museum is the most conspicuous building in New York.

It must not, however, be supposed that this enormous institution is nothing more than a gigantic show, or a travelling caravan magnified and made stationary. The position which it occupies in New York is entirely different; it being to all intents and purposes the best Museum in the city—for aught I know, the only one. Indeed, I should not be surprised if amidst the rubbish which it contains, there be one or two articles to a certain extent curious and interesting. But the name which it bears is its greatest attraction. Barnum is not an ordinary showman. He is not one who will be handed down to posterity, only on the strength of the objects which he has exhibited, or the curiosities which he has brought to light. He stands alone. Adopting Mr. Emerson's idea, I should say that Barnum is a representative man. He represents the enterprise and energy of his

countrymen in the nineteenth century, as Washington represented their resistance to oppression in the century preceding. By "going-a-head" to an extent hitherto unprecedented in his trade—devoid of any absurd delicacy as to the means by which the ends are to be accomplished—he has endeared himself to the middle and lower ranks of his countrymen, and seems to stand forth proud and pre-eminent as their model of a speculator and a man. I firmly believe that there are few commercial people in the United States who would not look upon Barnum as a congenial, though a superior spirit; or at all events who do not feel a pride, albeit a secret one, in his exploits.

The rise of this illustrious person, like that of some of his fellows, would seem to be veiled in obscurity. Whether he rose to fame on a fabulous griffin, or reached the wished-for goal on the back of an eight-legged horse, must remain matter of conjecture. His more recent exploits are well known. They are, Firstly.—The discovery of an extraordinary fish (if I remember aright). Secondly.—The production of a Quaker giant. Thirdly.—Of a giantess to match, who married the giant. Fourthly.—Of an old black woman, either a nurse or an attendant of some sort on General Washington, who related anecdotes of the patriot in infancy. Fifthly.—Of Tom Thumb. Sixthly.—Of Jenny Lind. Seventhly, Eighthly and Ninthly.—Of a

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giantess and giant boy ; some Chinese gentlemen and ladies of high rank ; and a negro who has discovered a process of turning his skin from black to white by means of a herb, which process he is now undergoing. Independently of which, I have heard that Mr. Barnum has a third share of some ghosts, who are now showing off their "mysterious rappings" to enthusiastic audiences.

The interior of this great temple of jugglery is worth just a few words. The vestibule or entrance hall is a Madame Tussaud's on a small scale, containing the trial of Christ, the Siamese-twins, St. Paul incarcerated (and flattening his nose against the bars of his cell), a family of drunken people, and other marvels, rudely executed in white tallowy-looking wax. On the first and second floor there are what may be termed picture galleries, the walls of the rooms being covered with daubs of eminent Americans—Governors of States,—Signers of Declarations, and so on. Higher up are the stuffed animals, which being unsusceptible of imposture—a lion is a lion, and a tiger a tiger all the world over—form the best part of the exhibition. Besides which, there are framed and hung up all about the place various objects of great curiosity—for instance, an English Deed of Lease and Release executed in the eighteenth century, an order admitting the bearer to view the state apartments of Buckingham Palace, plenty of two-

penny prints of Kean, Dowton and other actors, and, if I recollect rightly, a framed and glazed advertisement of somebody's Macassar-oil. But decidedly the greatest curiosity and that which attracts most attention, is the carriage of the late Queen Dowager Adelaide, with a wax coachman on the box, and two footmen of the same material standing up behind, the whole of the three clad in gorgeous state liveries. Besides the vast number of rooms which contain all this rubbish, a theatre, a lecture-room, and I do not know what else, are attached to the establishment.

Conversing, one day, with a very stout and remarkably good-natured old lady, whom I met in one of the rooms (a giantess, as it afterwards turned out, though I had not the slightest idea of it at the time), I was informed that Mr. Barnum has a truly magnificent country-seat in the State of Connecticut, and that he is in a fair way of becoming one of the wealthiest private individuals in America. Decidedly the most successful speculation which he ever undertook was the exhibition of Tom Thumb; that of Madlle. Lind may prove almost as advantageous.

After passing Barnum's—and one is now fairly in the business-part of the city—one of the remarks which the stranger will make is the great number of Daguerreotyping establishments on both sides of the way. This process has not, indeed, been re-

ceived with the same favour in England, as it has met with in France and America. The fact is, that the cloudy nature of the British sky prevents such a good likeness from being taken here as elsewhere. The Sun, too, is a rude and rough portrait painter, without the delicate touch of a Thorburn or a Pickersgill, so pleasing to our ladies. He is incapable of softening down a pimple, of throwing a shade of poetry over a snub nose, or of making a large mouth look incontrovertibly small. So that we Londoners do not patronize him; and, to be just, he seldom intrudes upon us.

We are now opposite Wall Street, the most busy and commercial of all the busy streets in New York. Here are the counting-houses and offices of the merchants, who in the afternoon go off to dine at their mansions in the fashionable parts of the city, at their pretty villas in Staten Island, at their country-houses beyond Brooklyn. To our right is a truly beautiful church, with a lofty spire. The street is broad, the houses clean and tasteful, the shop-fronts quite Parisian, the sky clear, the women who pass along good-looking and tastefully dressed, and altogether it is worth while standing still for a few minutes to contemplate this part of the Broadway.

Talking of women, a remark in Reed and Matheson's work on America occurs to my mind. In page 6, it is said—

“The ladies who were using the Broadway as a promenade, struck me as of less stature than our’s. Those who aspired to fashion, used Parisian dresses; and they had a mincing tread, which is meant to be Parisian, but is certainly not so: it is affectation and therefore disagreeable.”

I did not, myself, notice this mincing tread. But it may be observed that *all* the ladies in America dress after the French style. In this I think they shew exceeding taste and wisdom. Englishwomen are, according to my humble opinion, the most beautiful on the face of the earth. They certainly have the finest complexions and, above all things, the softest and sweetest voices, a point in which they enjoy a decided advantage over the women of America. The archness and vivacity of the *Parisienne*, can scarcely rank as greater charms than that delicacy of tone and refinement of manner, to be observed in the high-bred English lady. But if anything were wanting to turn the scale in favor of the latter, it would be that she is charming *in spite* of those shapeless dresses and cumbrous shawls by means of which she obscures her form from the unhallowed eye—in spite of what some writer speaks of as “the toilet for which the British female is so remarkable all over the known globe.” It was the same, by the bye, in the days of Goldsmith. In one of his essays, he says “Foreigners observe that there are no ladies in

the world more beautiful, or more ill-dressed than those of England. Our country-women have been compared to those pictures, where the face is the work of a Raphael, but the draperies thrown out by some empty pretender, destitute of taste, and entirely unacquainted with design."

We are at the end of the Broadway. To the right stands Delmonico's, the most comfortable hotel in New York, and concerning which I have a word or two to say in the next chapter. Let us go in and rest ourselves.

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A LITTLE DINNER AT DELMONICO'S.

“Give these rascally authors an inch and they’ll take an ell.” Having walked arm-in-arm with the reader down the whole of the Broadway, and through the whole of a chapter, with a degree of letter-press familiarity for which I feel that I can make no excuse, it may reasonably be expected that I shall stick pretty close to him in this our—if I may so term it—refreshment-chapter, and not release my hold of him, till he and I have sat down together to a good dinner. See, if it were winter; the “*lumina prima*” would be coming on; it is the dinner hour of Horace and Mæcenæ. Delmonico’s door stands invitingly open. Ten Thousand blessings on the author of this little oasis in the culinary desert around! Let us go in. Here is the *salle à manger* garrisoned with a corps of bearded waiters—Germans, Dutchmen and French. We are out of America now. You shall pay for the dinner and I will eat it. Actors and authors, you know, have always left their purses at home.

Dulce est desipere in loco. While our dinner is being prepared, we may indulge in a little innocent

conversation on the dinners of other people. Let us talk, with a shudder, of the bachelor-dinners of our fathers and grandfathers. What an extraordinary taste they displayed in the selection of their coffee-houses and eating-rooms! I believe that most of these eating-rooms are unknown to the present generation, having been converted into wine-cellar, coal-holes, receptacles for lumber, dust-bins, and other conveniences of that description. They are, however, occasionally to be met with in the city and the neighbourhood of Covent Garden; long sanded rooms in the back part of the house or underground, partitioned off into dark narrow boxes, surmounted by red curtains. It was in these places, that fifty or sixty years ago, men of the first quality eat their dinners, by candle light, while a magnificent summer sun was shining above them, away out of sight. Our forefathers, in their bachelor days, do not appear indeed to have considered themselves snugly placed at their meals, unless their view were bounded by a brick wall, and to look off one's beefsteak or mutton chop, and encounter the stump of a tree, a small courtyard, or a pump, must have been the acme of all that was then esteemed cosy and agreeable.

But, strange as this taste must appear, I do not know whether I would not rather eat my dinner, even in this gloomy and funereal manner, than after the fashion in which I am forced to eat it at

an American hotel. In the first place, I am compelled to sit down with sixty or seventy people, who are more properly gorging down food than eating, in the midst of a struggling for dishes, a clattering of dish-covers, a rushing to and fro of Negro or Irish waiters—in short, in the midst of every thing that can communicate a sense of hurry and discomfort to the meal. In the second place, I am compelled to do all this in the middle of the day, at a period when mankind should be breakfasting, and to go about my afternoon business with an aching head and a sense of indigestion. In the third place, I am scarcely allowed a moment's respite after the cloth has been cleared away. Every one rises from the table; I alone keep the attendants waiting. 'This is an unpleasant position for any man. The English idea of "after dinner sit awhile" does not enter into the head of an American. Instead of a light luncheon in the middle of the day, and a comfortable dinner taken leisurely at its close, when the cares of business are over, he gorges himself at one, two, or three o'clock, hurries to the bar, where he drinks mint julep, and other deleterious compounds, standing up—lights a strong cigar, and dashes, breathless, through the hot streets, expelling the saliva necessary for digestion—and, finally, sits down, bursting with tough mutton, and hot pork and beans, to write in a close counting-

house, with two more enormous meals in view, namely, tea and supper, at the close of the day. No wonder that nine out of ten persons whom you meet, look miserable, sallow and dyspeptic.

The difference between these two kinds of repasts, which I may be permitted to compare, the one to a showy ball supper, where the ladies are beautiful, and the lamps are glaring, but the gentlemen get nothing to eat; the other to a snug funeral luncheon, where every one is in black and in tears, but the beef and mutton are unquestionably good—the difference between these repasts is not greater than exists between an English and an American family dinner. Amongst the upper-middling, the mercantile and professional classes of English, dinner is the great event of the day; the hospitable port to which our morning and afternoon toils and labours are insensibly wafting us; the peaceful vale into which we descend after having borne the brunt of the mid-day sun. With it commences a new era. Papa returns from Westminster-hall or the city, Julia and Angelina from their drive with mamma in the Park, Cadwallader from his club. It is a mystery and a solemn rite, to the due celebration of which a total change of toilet, and the assumption of evening costume, are necessary. We devote the rest of the day, in a certain sense, to recreation, and banish business from our minds till the ensuing morning. So that

the English merchant's, or lawyer's, day admits of these two principal divisions, to wit, the ante-prandial and the post-prandial hours.

Dinner in the bosom of an American family can only be compared to a religious rite or ceremony, in this respect, that every one is anxious to get through it as soon as possible. Occurring in the middle of the day, it is so far from being the *optata meta* of our daily exertions, the bar and hindrance to the transaction of all further business, that it may be looked upon merely as the connecting link between the writing of two commercial letters, the drawing up of two conveyances, the overhauling of two bales of goods.* Papa rushes in from his office or his chambers, Homer and Otis from somewhere else; they all sit down in *statu quo*. In an hour the affair is over, and every one at his business again. It is fearful to see so great a meal made so light of, and divested of the halo of poetry, which more civilized nations have succeeded in throwing over it. Of the two theories with regard to this, the prince of repasts, I own myself a humble adherent of the Cis-Atlantic or British.

* These remarks do not apply to the merchants and professional men of New York, who, I am told, have adopted the European fashion of dining in a respectable and comfortable manner. But New York is scarcely an American city.

But here, my dear Sir, I am afraid that all commendation of our countrymen must cease. The scented billets received so long in advance, the uncomfortable tail-coat, the polished boots, the thundering rap at the door, and all the solemnities which they have contrived to render necessary to a dinner-party, are too often the rumblings of the mountain, to heraid the advent of the mouse. The fact is, that the culinary art has never been studied in England. While the genius of the nation has successfully explored the utmost bounds of the earth, investigated the laws of the heavenly bodies, produced philosophical systems, devoted itself to poetry, history, the drama, the stage and the pulpit—beef, mutton and veal have been left a comparatively unknown and unexplored field of enterprise. While the roast beef of old England has been turning steadily before the fire, and the chops and steaks of old England have descended, without the addition of a single sauce or condiment, into the mouth of young England, it is worth while to contemplate the progress which has taken place amongst a neighbouring people. How many thousand dishes have burst from the womb of nothingness into succulence and flavour! How many sauces and essences have flowed from the creative brain, irrigating the dry joints, like another Nile! How many great geniuses are at this moment, employed upon the *sauté-pans* and the *pot-*

au-feu ! Into what an appetising *plat* would the magic touch of Soyer transform those now neglected morsels, which find their way to the Station-house, like malefactors, in the pocket of the policeman. But it is useless further to pursue a theme, with which every one is acquainted,

I know that there are very many sensible persons who, in opposition to this, would contend that cookery is rather a physical labour, than a high and intellectual art. Never having known anything better, they continue, from choice, to toil at the old stale things, day after day, as the Cannibal, ignorant of animal food, is not to be torn from his cold traveller or his Missionary pie. And yet, that such opinions should be found to exist in a civilized country, must appear wonderful. We possess, indeed, five senses; for four of which, Taste and Genius have, from the earliest ages, been engaged in preparing suitable objects of pleasure and enjoyment. Landseer and Mulready are employed on the part of the eye; Sims Reeves and Catherine Hayes sing to please the ear; Rowland and his son are at hand to tickle the nose; hundreds of others are manufacturing soft articles for the touch—but what Englishman has ever done anything for the organ of taste? Yet it is the first of all the organs. A man may live, without seeing, without hearing, without smelling, but not without eating and drinking.

For these reasons, I rejoice that the Great Soyer has arisen, like a new planet, or a new dish, to effect a revolution in our ideas. The prose of Glasse and of Rundell will sink into oblivion before the poetry of the *Gastronomic Regenerator*. Indeed, the most magnificent idea in the whole range of modern poetry, is to be found in page 415 of his *Modern Housewife*. The bard supposes a boy, of ten years of age, to be placed on a lofty eminence, and to have exhibited before his eyes, all the food which his then insignificant person would consume before he attained his seventy-first year, supposing him to live so long. With this supposition, and on a moderate computation, M. Soyer informs us that he would find himself surrounded by 30 oxen, 200 sheep, 100 calves, 200 lambs, 50 pigs, 1200 fowls, 30,000 oysters, 300,000 prawns—and so on, for a whole page. There is something very touching in bringing, at one view, before the eye, the flocks of animals, the flights of birds, and the shoals of fish, which are destined, in the course of a long series of years, to find their way into the stomach. I know of no conception in Shakespeare more simply grand and majestic than this.

M. Soyer should not, however, confine himself to Housewives and Cookery Books. He should inculcate his ideas, like every one else, through a novel, which might be either in three volumes or

twenty shilling numbers. In the first chapter, the hero might be discovered eating pork and peas-pudding, or some other dreadful compound; he should not be brought to a correct French taste till the end of the third volume. His reformation might be effected through the medium of the heroine, a lovely girl who follows him everywhere in disguise, making soups and stews for him. In the last chapter, they might marry—with the receipts for all the dishes in the appendix. Or, following the style of Eugène Sue, they might partake of an excellent supper together, and then poison themselves—a great deal of space being devoted to the supper, and very little to the poisoning. There are many ways in which such a book might be made highly entertaining and useful.

Independently of its being adapted to form the subject of plays, poems, and romances, the culinary art would furnish many a useful hint to the historian, if he were disposed to avail himself of its neglected aid. It is not sufficient that Mr. Macaulay should have learnt Dutch, before commencing his great work; he ought, besides, to have undergone a six month's apprenticeship in the kitchen. Let us take the first dish that you have ordered, for example. What is it? *Sole au gratin*. Ah, that is composed, principally, of sole and mushrooms;—let us recollect if there be any passage of history where soles occur. I do

not remember one. Mushrooms? Oh! a Roman Empress poisoned her husband with a dish of them. Agrippina poisoned the so-called driveller Claudius with mushrooms. What a magnificent field does the knowledge of this fact open for a disquisition or an essay!

In the first place, Agrippina, who must be supposed to have been well acquainted with her husband's tastes, would scarcely have selected, as the receptacle for the poison, any dish of which she did not feel sure that he would partake. We may even go farther, and affirm that she chose one of which she knew, that he would eat the whole contents, lest what remained on the dish should, by its colour or smell, or other appearances, have revealed the secret. Mushrooms, then, formed the favourite dish of the Emperor Claudius. Here is an important fact elicited at once. Without the aid of contemporary history, we should be in a condition to affirm triumphantly in an appendix, or to vindicate in a foot-note, the fact that mushrooms, constituted the *bonne-bouche* of the fourth, or, if you like better, the fifth Roman Emperor.

In the next place, what a light does this apparently trivial circumstance throw upon the character and pursuits of Claudius. We are, naturally, more affected at the death of a man who loved mushrooms than at the death of one who did not. He was "*avidissimus talium*," says Suetonius,

which may be freely translated, "he lived principally upon these kind of things." Upon what kind of things? Why, clearly upon the things resembling mushrooms. Upon radishes, cucumbers, vegetable-marrows, turnips, and beetroot. In fact, his was a *vegetable diet*. I do not know how far this discovery may carry us, for it places the character of this much maligned individual in quite a different light. We no longer picture him to ourselves, washing down slices of the Lucanian boar with goblets of the sparkling Falernian, but as a quiet old gentleman, gobbling down his cauliflower and drinking his camomile tea; solacing himself with a vegetable diet, and, who knows, perhaps even doctoring himself with vegetable pills. It is impossible to conceive that such a one could be other than just, generous, and humane.

I could prove a great many other things from this simple circumstance (for I have not studied the works of our critics and antiquarians in vain) did I not perceive that, at this moment, the dinner is coming in. It is time, therefore, for me to conclude. I am of the opinion of the illustrious Alderman, at the Civic Banquet, who, when the gentleman next him made some remark or other, and paused, expecting a reply, calmly but indignantly rebuked the speaker in the following words: "Sir, when you are at dinner, you should

never talk. Do you know, that in endeavouring to attend to your observations, I have just swallowed three morsels of fat, *without perceiving their flavour !*"

A LAW COURT.

Notwithstanding that I was a little sick of Blackstone and Fearne, I attended the Court of Common Pleas, whilst in New York, thinking that it would furnish me with as favourable a specimen of the superior law-courts of the country, as I could hope to find. It was a square, white-washed apartment, not much larger than a bar-room at one of the hotels. Under a red canopy, on a bench slightly elevated above the rest, sate the Judge, a respectable and intelligent-looking man. An insurance case was going on. A barrister was addressing the jury, with much earnestness and gesticulation, and, it must be owned, with that sharp nasal twang which is so universally prevalent in this country. Around him sate the members of the bar, some in brown holland blouses, some with huge imperials on their chins, some balancing themselves in their chairs against the railings which divided them from the spectators, and hanging their legs over the backs of other chairs, nearly all intent on getting rid of their saliva, and imprinting the wet seal of the Republic on every

object in their vicinity. In this national pastime, (which is too well known to need further comment) the Judge displayed a laudable proficiency. Two gentlemen (apparently reporters) seated at a table to the left of the bench, the jury, and half-a-dozen idle spectators like myself, completed the assemblage. The jury were arranged in two rows, and before each row were placed two spittoons, so that no gentleman had to expectorate a greater distance than past three of his fellow jurymen—a wise precaution, providing against the incapacity of a bad shot.

A glance at such a scene was sufficient to show that there was a total absence of dignity about it. A stranger would, indeed, have sought in vain for the stateliness of a Denman, or the melodious tones of a Thesiger, in an assembly where all appeared to be pretty much on a level (as, perhaps, in a Republic they should be), and you might have mistaken the crier of the court for the Judge, and the Judge for the crier. But to argue from this circumstance that a fair trial cannot be had in the United States, that the Judges are not sound lawyers, and the barristers great advocates, would be a “most lame and impotent conclusion.” Where dignity is to be obtained, as it almost always can be in an ~~old~~ and aristocratical country, it is the most fitting attendant upon impartiality, and in England we happily unite the two. But where

the sacrifice of one thing or the other becomes necessary, it would be better to put one's case into the hands of three Texan Judges, chewing tobacco in banc, than sit before as many noble Inquisitors, robed in purple, and ermine, and gold.

The counsel on the present occasion, for instance, might have what to me was an unpleasant manner. He might make use of his nose rather more freely than either Sir Fitzroy Kelly or Mr. Bethell would have done. But if from that nose fell words of burning eloquence or earnest persuasion, who can quarrel with his employing an organ which, after all, he devoted to so good a purpose? Accordingly, it appeared to me that the counsel was a man of considerable ability. His language was good, his metaphors often well chosen, and, although I arrived too late in the course of the trial to be made acquainted with all the facts, yet he appeared, as far as I could judge, to place his case (that for the defence) before the jury, in the strongest point of view.

The same remark applies to the Judge, whose charge was lucid and well-worded. The only peculiarity that I remarked was this, that his Honour and the jury stood up during the time of its delivery, the spectators and the bar remaining sitting. Surely, this is not quite as it should be. For the mind of a Judge to be in that perfectly easy and tranquil state, so necessary to enable

him to call attention to facts and details, his body should be in the most easy position also. His remarks are always—or, rather, should be always—of a very different character from the impassioned appeals of the advocate, the preacher, or the statesman, who have found that the standing posture is the one best adapted to give effect to their speeches. As to the jury, there is no doubt that we give more earnest attention to a long address, when we are sitting down, than when we are standing up. These charges must of necessity last, on some occasions, for several hours, and physical is a sure prelude to mental exhaustion.

On the whole, I left the court pleased with my first specimen of an American trial; pleased, that is to say, by the seeming intelligence and impartiality of those concerned in it.

NEW YORK TO PHILADELPHIA.

In travelling from New York to Philadelphia, through New Jersey, nothing surprised me so much as the *English* look of the country on both sides of the line. I made the same remark on my way from Boston to New York.

Those who have travelled much on the continent of Europe, will more readily understand my meaning. Whenever *la belle France* is vociferated by a bearded Frenchman, the expression will, for the most part, recall a dusty, badly-paved road lying open to view, without a tree or a hedge on either side of it, for miles and miles in a straight line before you. The country, to the right and left, looking like one enormous field, without any subdivisions ; wheat running into barley, and barley subsiding into oats, and oats joined on to wheat again, the whole, just for all the world, like one vast parish allotment. Formal rows of trees, here and there, with, every now and then, a savage forest to break in upon the scene. Dirty villages, where life itself appears to have decayed along with the decaying roofs, and mouldered with the

mouldering walls. None of the winding roads and shady lanes, the blooming hedge-rows and charming country-seats, the neat villages, the cosy garden-like appearance, of England. In most other European countries, the beauties which exist, are the beauties of nature. The climate of Italy, the glaciers of Switzerland, the mountains on the Rhine, are what no effort of industry can procure for us. But if you wish to see what energy and art can accomplish, travel into Hertfordshire, into Surrey, into Kent.

The line of country through which I passed, in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New Jersey, reminds me very strongly of England. You might fancy yourself in some parts of Gloucestershire, stone walls being built to divide the fields instead of hedge-rows. As the train moves slowly along, you catch glimpses, of neat villages, and tidy women standing before the doors with babies in their arms ; of light carriages—called here “wag-gons”—rattling down shady lanes, with pleasure-parties inside ; of neatly-kept farm-houses, and elegant gentlemen’s seats ; the country decidedly presenting the appearance of being more densely populated than it really is.

PHILADELPHIA.

Writers have usually represented Philadelphia as a very prim and formal city, very clean and neat, very full of Quakers and Quakeresses. The latter part of the description is becoming every day less applicable—the families of wealthy Quakers, here as elsewhere, being usually converted to some more fashionable and dressy religion; with regard to the cleanness and neatness there can be no doubt. There seems, indeed, to be a total absence of that fine civic spirit which throws such obstacles in the way of cleansing or draining a river or a town—that spirit which contemplated with regret the pulling down of the Rookery—which has shielded, and will shield, its cattle-market from the attacks of a thousand pens.

The name of the “Village-city,” which I heard given to it by some gentleman, seems the most appropriate to Philadelphia, uniting, as it does, the quiet air of a village with the size of a large city. At the time that I was there, however, every one that could afford it was out of town. Most of the inhabitants were located in some

watering-place. Of these watering-places, Newport, in Rhode Island, and Saratoga, in New York, are the most fashionable. Cape May, a little place at the distance of four hours from the city, is the democratic place of amusement—the Herne Bay, the Broadstairs, the Margate, the Ramsgate, the Gravesend, of the state of Pennsylvania. Here, I am told, you find yourself in a double-bedded room with your tailor, or sit down at dinner beside the gentleman who supplies you with vegetables, but without the same privilege of cutting the obnoxious persons at a future period, which you would possess, and, of course, exercise, in the case of an English watering-place. There are also, in the immediate vicinity of the city, localities devoted to other and more temporary kinds of amusement. It is, indeed, a gay sight, of an afternoon, to watch the steamers speeding on their way to Gloucester, and Camden, and Redbank, laden with whole cargoes of white trowsers and fluttering parasols; it is a pleasant thing to be spun along the suburban roads in one of those thin, light waggons, which seem scarcely adapted to run on smooth marble; to watch waggon after waggon passing you at racing pace down flinty hills and unmended lanes; to linger of an evening in the cemetery of Laurel Hill, and observe people enjoying themselves among the tombs, and whispering the tale of soft affection in that really

engaging spot. An afternoon spent at any of these places fills one with satisfaction at sight of the innocent and happy recreations of the people.

There are other recreations prevalent, however, which appear to me—though I frankly own that I may be prejudiced—to be of a more objectionable kind. They are much indulged in by the Irish emigrants, aided and abetted by the lowest class of Americans, and consist, for the most part, in light skirmishes with the negro population, firing loaded pistols down the streets at random, and getting up conflagrations on an extensive scale for a Saturday, Sunday, or Holiday night's amusement. A paragraph, which I copied out of a New York paper, shall speak for itself:—

“ Two assassinations, a highway robbery, several small depredations, and the weekly number of riots in Philadelphia, have at length induced the good people of that city to ask themselves, ‘ Is it safe any longer to live here ? ’ Now, we hear of a gang of ruffians in Southwark—then an engine-fight in Moyamensing—a terrible *melée* in Blocklèy—an awful fire and fight in Kensington—and so on, to the end of the chapter. Here a man is shot—there another is knocked down with a bludgeon, and the coroner is almost worn down by excessive duties.”

The fact is, that liberty is so great, as to go rather beyond its mark. The sovereign people

are a great deal too free to look with complacency upon the despotic institution called, in degenerate countries, "Policemen." The consequence is, a beautiful sense of independence, it is true, but also a sense of its being slightly unpleasant to walk about the streets at nightfall.

As to fires of all kinds, whether accidental or incendiary, judging from the fact that habit deadens our sensibilities, I should imagine that they cannot cause the same excitement in America as in England. With us, the slightest tinge of fire in the evening horizon empties the public-houses of the neighbourhood, and acts like a legitimate drama upon the theatres; while, from all quarters, rush troops of breathless spectators to stand in the way of the firemen, and prevent its being put out. Here the case is different. The fire-companies are, to a certain extent, voluntary associations, made up of private citizens, who, by belonging to them, avoid the performance of certain duties, which would otherwise be imposed upon them by the State. The cities are divided into so many districts. Every night, bells are rung from the steeples, to inform the inhabitants in what district or districts the fires of the night are situated. It then becomes the duty of every member of a company to help to extinguish his own conflagration; not, to interfere with those of the other districts. In Philadelphia, I was aroused

from sleep at periods varying from eleven o'clock at night to five in the morning, when the rattling of engines, the baying of dogs, and the shouts of men and women were heard, close at hand, or in the distance, according to circumstances. The great conflagration, which took place here some time ago, destroyed upwards of three hundred and fifty houses ! It is, however, fortunate (according to the ideas of some) that they were the houses of the poorer classes, and that the fire did not interfere with the abodes of wealthy men, which would have risked the destruction of some of the most beautiful streets in the city.

Philadelphia, as every one knows, is built like a chess-board, the streets crossing each other at right angles with almost painful regularity. There are, you may be sure, museums, athenæums, public buildings, churches, theatres, and so forth. It also boasts to have the best society in the Union—all the other cities boast the same thing—I mean, however, that, in all probability, it does have the best. Certainly, the few that I saw were highly intellectual and polished people. It is said, too, to be a much more difficult thing to be admitted into the refined circles here than in New York, where there is such an influx of strangers, and so many changes are constantly taking place, that society lacks tone, and rests upon a sandy and unsolid foundation. That is

what the Philadelphians say. The New Yorkers, I believe, are not exactly of the same opinion.

One of the days that I spent in the city, was that appointed for the grand funeral procession, in honor of the late President. These processions are of very rare occurrence, taking place only on the death of some very great hero, such as Washington, Jackson, and Harrison, so that I deemed myself particularly lucky in having an opportunity of witnessing one. Philadelphia, too, being the second city in the Union, it was supposed that the demonstration would be extremely grand and striking.

The first evidence of the approaching event was the appearance in my room, after I was up and dressed, of some of the younger branches of the family at whose hospitable mansion I was located. They bore in their arms long streamers of crape, ornamented with white rosettes, to be suspended outside the windows as a sign of mourning. The hotels, public edifices and residences of the principal government officers, were for the most part similarly decorated, in honor of the late chief magistrate. At about eleven o'clock, I went out with the intention of seeing the procession form. But to stand in the middle of a dense crowd, with the sun pouring down upon one's head, at a time when the thermometer stands at ninety-eight degrees in the shade, is not particularly pleasant

even for a person dressed in white pantaloons and a blouse. What those poor fellows must have felt, with their ponderous caps, enormous jack-boots, weighty muskets, thick cloth coats, and all the paraphernalia of military life clinging to their perspiring frames, I cannot for my part imagine. I could only compare them to a regiment of the Blues exercising in a hot oven; and as I burst out of the crowd, all limp and fainting, thought of the barbarous nations who sacrificed human victims, to the memory of some distinguished noble or warrior.

At about one o'clock we caught the first glimpse of the great procession, which was expected to contain more than ten thousand persons. A troop of militia or volunteers marched down the street, with flying colours, and to the tune of a tolerable band, which accompanied them. Their uniform was handsome, and their appearance martial. They were succeeded by other troops, and companies of militia, in a long row; some being cavalry and some infantry regiments, and all wearing different uniforms. There were also a great quantity of bands, whose tunes, as it were, blended into one another, so that whilst you were still listening to the "Old Hundredth" in one direction, "Hail Columbia" was coming down upon you from the opposite end of the street. The monotony of the passing militia was at length broken by the appearance of a select band of veterans,

mounted upon horses, and clad in dusty green uniforms. Upon these, the crowd gazed with almost breathless veneration, for they had fought under him whom they were now assembled to honor: they were soldiers of the Mexican war. These were followed by fresh bodies of militia, to whom succeeded three or four General Officers, presenting a magnificent appearance with their glittering uniforms, their plumes bristling up on the top of their cocked hats, and the trappings that adorned their fiery and curvetting steeds.

A momentary pause occurring in the march of the procession, I was able to contemplate these heroes more at my leisure, and to conjure up the ideas which seemed most fitting to the time, place, and occasion. I was just picturing them to myself in those situations, which are most congenial to our notions of military life—leading to the charge—animating the troops—waving telescopes amidst showers of bullets—when my reverie was interrupted by an event, which may seem at first sight to be unimposing and deficient in grandeur; for the great chieftains took advantage of the halt to ride up to the opposite house, and call for brandy and water. Tumblers of this potation having been drained by themselves and their aide-de-camps, the march was resumed, and fresh regiments of militia defiled, in good order, down the crowded streets.

There was now, however, a pause of about half

an hour in the procession, which, though it sadly marred its effect, was much to be rejoiced at, as it gave the weary, thirsty, fainting wretches an opportunity of resting their limbs, and cooling their parched throats. The General in command had indeed found it necessary to break up the ranks for so long; and, even as it was, it was calculated, that of those who came out intending to join in the ceremonies, nearly one half went away again. At the close of the half hour, there appeared, besides other military companies, a large boat, placed in a waggon drawn by horses. In this boat was a party of elderly men, one of whom carried a flag, bearing the inscription "The survivors of the Dartmoor prisoners." The Dartmoor prisoners are American seamen, who, having been captured during the war of 1812, were confined, as prisoners of war, at Dartmoor. It is alleged—I know not how truly—that they were there treated with the most horrible cruelty. They have consequently, ever since that time, continued to be great lions in their native country, safe cards for a demonstration and procession, and standing monuments of British tyranny. Afterwards came the funeral car of General Taylor, a tasteful construction, draped with black velvet, surmounted by an eagle, and drawn by eight white horses. A caparisoned charger, which followed the car, led by a groom, was supposed to represent "Old

Whitey," the favorite steed of the deceased warrior. Then came the pall-bearers, in carriages; and afterwards, in succession, the great dignitaries of the place, such as the Governor of the State, the Collector, and so on. Then bodies of free-masons, odd fellows, temperance men, teetotalers, members of the different fire and hose companies, all with the insignia and banners of their respective orders, and after many other orders, bodies, troops, companies, regiments and associations, of whom the time would fail me to tell, but who took up two hours in defiling before us—last, not least, the butchers of the city, a body of two or three hundred really fine-looking men, all mounted on strong well-bred horses, and resembling, in their appearance, substantial British yeomen more than anything else.

These processions are organized in all the principal towns of the United States, and, though deficient as spectacles, may be calculated to produce a good effect upon the masses.

A MAN OF LETTERS.

Happening, at Philadelphia, one particularly sultry day, to pass the house of my friend, General ——, I hesitated whether I would not go in. As I lingered at the door, and smelt the odoriferous compounds being concocted within, I was on the point of yielding to this idea; but plucking up my courage, and my legs at the same moment, I succeeded in bolting away from temptation over to the other side of the street.

I had scarcely reached the opposite pavement, in a breathless state, (for the sight of a railway train coming down the street had made me run) when I felt a tap on the shoulder. Turning round, I perceived my friend, the General, who had come after me in his shirt-sleeves, and whose steaming red face was more eloquent on the state of the atmosphere than many thermometers.

“Why, what made you file off in that air way?” he enquired. From his interlarding his conversation with military expressions, I used to imagine that the General had, at one time or other, served in some corps. I believe there is no foundation

for this idea. "Come! face about!" he continued, "we'll go and bivouac in my house there, for ten minutes. There's an old feller there I want you to see. Comes from the old country. Lots of money. A reg'lar tickler and no mistake." "Why, the fact is," I replied, gently disengaging myself, "that it's rather too early to take anything to drink. Although, indeed, I think, this hot weather, a sherry cobbler—"

"Turn about face! Turn about face!" cried the General, "I'll set you down at a table next to the old feller I'm talking of. He comes to the house once a week, and orders a pipe and a quart of ale, to remind him of the old country. He'll be telling you his story, the moment he knows you're from England—but you must not mind interrupting him, for he's a terribly long-winded chap. That's sartain."

The individual to whom I was introduced, and whom I found sitting at one of the small tables in the General's bar-room, was unmistakeably a Briton; one of those whom we are ready to fall upon, and hug to our bosoms as countrymen, when we light upon them in a foreign land. We know them by the trousers, fitting tightly round the protruding calf as they walk before us, and shooting up to the top of the black Wellington boot when they sit down; by the uncomfortable tightness and towering shirt-collars which

they contrive to maintain in the regions of the throat; by the whiskers curling up into the corners of their mouths; by many other signs. He had a merry twinkling eye, and a good-humoured countenance, and we were on good terms almost immediately.

"You are from England, sir," said he, when he had glanced at me for a moment, having, I have no doubt, perceived in me—as I had perceived in him—those little indications of nationality to which I have just alluded.

"I am, sir. So are you, I think?"

"I am."

After remarking to each other that it was a very fine day, and answering each other that it was indeed, I took the liberty of asking the old gentleman whether it was long since he had come to settle in America.

"Many years, sir. Let me see, when was it that I committed that murder?"

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"Murder! I left England because the place was too hot to hold me, sir. I had committed a murder!"

"God bless my soul, I hope not! You mean that you had killed some one accidentally."

"No, not a bit of it. It was malice prepense. I killed him by an article in the *Morning Herald*!"

"Ah! now I understand you. You mean that

you imprudently read a leading article to him out of that journal, when he was in a weak state of health. Ah! poor fellow"—

"No, sir, that's not what I mean, either. I murdered him in cold blood—positively in cold blood, I assure you. Why, Lord bless you! I've murdered more men, seduced more pretty women, ruined more young rakes upon town, broken into more houses, sent a greater number of poor devils into exile, and produced more changes in the administration, than the original of any wax figure at Madame Tussaud's. I look forward with proud anticipation, sir, to the time when my country will see the necessity of erecting a statue in honor of me. Canning has one in Parliament-square. Why should not I have one in Printing-house-square? Ha! ha!"

"I see how it is," thought I to myself. "Bottled porter has left its traces in the poor fellow's intellect. It is always best to humour these harmless lunatics. Dear me," said I, addressing him, "your adventures must prove very interesting. How I should like to hear them. Would you have any objection to oblige me?"

The old fellow glanced around. "Come up here into the corner by the window," said he, "we shall be out of the way—Virgil, my boy, another bottle of ale! Now then, sir, I'll tell you all about it, beginning with my birth, and leaving

my death and posthumous honours to be dealt with by the biographer.

“ I was born then—no matter how many years ago—in a highly respectable and dull town of the county of Yorkshire. My father was in the stationary and newspaper line, but, dying when I was yet of tender years, left his lovely babe to the care of the disconsolate widow, who wept scalding tears over his grave, and carried on the business.

“ From an early period of my life, I was in the habit of reading the county papers before they were sent out to our customers, and I was particularly struck with the extraordinary things that were always happening in my native place. Being an out-of-the-way town, through which no one ever passed, it furnished an admirable field in which to rear enormous vegetables, or celebrate clandestine marriages. Scarcely a week elapsed but the inhabitants were thrown into consternation by a giant of a cucumber, or nearly washed away by a shower of frogs. I read of these marvels till, at last, my genius was fired. I made my first essay upon a monster cherry, which was supposed to grow in our back garden, and of which I drew up an imaginative account. To my joy, it was inserted. A day or two afterwards, an elderly gentleman in a snuff-coloured coat, rode up to our door, in my mother’s absence, and, dis-

mounting, asked for leave to inspect the cherry. 'I am a collector of curiosities,' said he; 'and here,'—taking carefully from his pocket a box, which, when opened, disclosed to view an enormous bigaroon cherry, which he set upon the table—'here, I believe, is the largest specimen of this fruit that has ever been produced. If yours is any thing like as large as this, I will give you a guinea for it. I feel certain, however, that nothing can ever equal this one, which I reared myself.' I was casting about in my mind for some lie, when my little dog Toby, whom I had accustomed to fetch and carry all sorts of articles, without hurting them, jumped upon the table, seized the cherry in his mouth, and darted out of the room with it. I ran after him into the passage, where, obedient to my signal, he deposited it uninjured at my feet. Buttoning it up hastily in my pocket, and giving Toby a tremendous kick to make him howl, 'Take that,' said I, 'you accursed whelp, for destroying such an unparalleled curiosity.' 'What! has he swallowed it, the monster?' cried the old gentleman, who had followed me, pale as death, into the passage. 'I am afraid he has, sir,' I replied; 'but, as some slight compensation, suffer me to present you with *my* cherry, which, I think, you will find to the full as wonderful as yours. 'That! *that!*' cried out the old gentleman, taking in his hand the

identical fruit that he had brought, 'that thing as large as mine! Great God, sir! you must be mad! Oh, heavens, what shall I do!' And the old fellow so far lost all command of himself, that he threw his own cherry into the fire, gave me a tremendous slap on the face, (which I did not venture to return), and, remounting his horse, rode away, groaning and almost beside himself with vexation. ♦

"This adventure made me a little cautious, for the future, in assigning any distinct locality for the marvels which I wrought. I took care to leave no clue to the whereabouts of my gooseberries and my toads, beyond saying, that such and such things had happened in the eastern or western part of the county, as the case might be. In this way, I did nearly all the lying—except the political lying—for some of our county papers, gratuitously, until, just as I had completed my twenty-first year, my poor mother died, leaving me to administer (after all the debts were paid) to a volume of manuscript sermons, a tortoise-shell cat, and ten pounds in gold. The sermons I presented to our Rector, and the tortoise-shell cat to the Rector's middle-aged daughter, who was one of those Vestals that would never have run the risk of being buried alive. The ten pounds I put in my pocket, and, disposing of the lease to advantage, set off to London, where I

felt that the greatness of my destiny was calling me.

“It was a long time, however, before the greatness of my destiny did any thing for me, and I began to feel that the holes in my pockets would very soon be of no consequence. In this state of things, I one day chanced to meet a friend, whom I had known in our town when he was only a linendraper’s apprentice, but who was now transformed into a fine gentleman, with an eye-glass and moustache. He was not, however, ashamed to be seen talking with me, but, having listened to my story, invited me to accompany him to the office of the *Weekly Scum*, ‘a newspaper with which,’ said he, ‘I am connected, and which will probably do something for you.’ I followed him, accordingly, to the office, which was a dingy place, situated somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Strand. The Editor was sitting in a back room, drinking brandy—and, perhaps, water with it—in his dressing-gown and slippers. After a little preliminary conversation, he turned to my friend, saying, ‘Are you sure he is trustworthy, Fitz-Eustace?’ Fitz-Eustace, whom I had always known as Brown, replied that he could answer for me. The Editor then told me that he should be able to find me some employment, but that it would not be, at first, of a literary kind. It was essential, however, he said, that I should understand the principles

on which his journal was conducted. The object of that journal was to eradicate vice from the metropolis, by exhibiting it in all its hideous deformity. It accordingly directed its shafts against the base and the profligate, who, in a Christian country, should be held up as beacons to the others. And yet, mingled with this bitter abhorrence of vice, there was a desire to reform the offender, which was done by showing him that a vigilant, though affectionate, eye was fixed upon all his movements. Thus, if my Lord A. or my Lord B. were to be seen drunk in Piccadilly one night, the next week's impression would gently admonish them that the facts were known. Or, if my Lady C. were guilty of an indiscretion with her footman, the Journal would vindicate public morality, by not suffering any particulars of the crime to remain a secret. There was a case, at this moment, which demanded its interposition. The benevolent object proposed, was to reclaim from the error of his ways an aged Bishop, who was known to leave his house mysteriously, without his usual costume, and on foot, every evening. It was desirable to know where that Bishop went. This could only be done by loitering near his door, to watch him come out, and then following him cautiously to his destination. It was in this way that I might commence, if I chose, my philanthropic career.

“ I consented, for starving people are not often very particular. Certain signs were given me whereby I should know the prelate, together with all needful information. As I passed through the outer office, I overheard the Editor say to another dirty man, who was employed in folding up the wet sheets, ‘ Mr. Pumper, you took the Countess’s under butler to the play last night, did you ?’

“ ‘ Yes, sir.’

“ ‘ And treated him to supper afterwards ?’

“ ‘ Yes, sir.’

“ ‘ And—ahem, he—he was in a happy state afterwards, Mr. Pumper ?’

“ ‘ In a glorious state, sir.’

“ ‘ And didn’t let out any thing more about his mistress, ey, Mr. Pumper ?’

“ ‘ Not a word, sir. He’s told us all he knows.’

“ ‘ All right, Mr. Pumper. Then we must see what can be done on what we know, that’s all.’ By this time I was in the street, and so heard no more.

“ I kept watch attentively, and soon found out that the mysterious place whither the Bishop directed his steps of an evening, was no other than some second-hand book-stall, where he would stay and rummage for hours. In this way, he visited some of the lowest alleys and lanes in London. On one occasion, I contrived to fall into conversation with him, and extracted from him in a moment what was the object of his search. Poor man ! he

was almost in his dotage, and had firmly persuaded himself that there was an English printed book, of much earlier date than Caxton's *Histories of Troye*. In almost every old book-shop in the metropolis, he had become known as the unwearied searcher after this fabulous volume ; but, as he paid liberally for the permission, he was allowed to browse uninterruptedly for hours, on the musty leaves. I communicated the discovery to my employer, who rewarded me with ten shillings for my trouble, and, exacting a promise of strict secrecy on all matters of business, agreed to find me occupation, at a fixed salary, in the office. A day or two afterwards, I took to the post a letter, addressed "The Lord Bishop of ——;" and the next evening, the Editor and Mr. Pumper went out together, leaving me in charge of every thing till their return, which was not till late. The next day happened to be our publishing day, and in the afternoon, as I cast my eye over the paper, the following, in "Notices to Correspondents," at once fixed my attention:—

" 'To A. B. ; X. Y. Z. ; ANTI-HUMBUG ; A DISSENER ; AND A THOUSAND OTHERS. In reply to the numerous communications which we are daily receiving on the subject of a certain hoary-headed prelate, who does not reside a hundred miles from ——Street, we beg leave to state positively that we require no further information. We have

long been aware of the **REAL**, as well as the **PRE-TENDED**, object of his nightly excursions, when, **ALONE** and in **DISGUISE**, he steals out of the **Episcopal** residence. The series to which the public have been so long looking forward, will commence next week, without fail, and will give a true and faithful account of the **INTRIGUES AND PRIVATE HISTORY, &c. &c.**, of this **DESCENDANT OF THE APOSTLES!!** It will probably be comprised in twenty numbers. Especially, will be contained an account of the disgraceful scene which was enacted only **LAST NIGHT**, when, had it not been for two gentlemen who were accidentally passing, and were attracted by her cries, the young and innocent daughter of a highly respectable bookseller, would have fallen the victim to this old monster of iniquity. **LET HIM BEWARE!! WE HAVE OUR EYE UPON HIM!!!**

“ You may think that I ought by this time, sir, to have had a pretty clear idea of what was going on ; and so I had, but, you see, I had sworn to secrecy, and it was no part of my engagement to violate my promise. Well, a few days after this, the old Bishop descended from a hackney-coach at our door in his old book-hunting costume, and was shown, pale and trembling, into the back office. I tried to listen to what was going on, but could only now and then catch a few sentences, such as, ‘ I declare I knew nothing of its cha-

racter.' 'But, my lord, you were seen.—' 'I received a letter, telling me that what I was searching for could be found in——' 'But, my lord,—the shrieks—you must—' 'On my honour, sir, she first addressed'—and so on. At the end of half an hour, I was sent for into the office, where I found the Editor, Mr. Pumper, and the Bishop, sitting together. 'I have sent for you, Mr. Wiggins,' said the Editor, 'as an additional witness, that we are entirely satisfied with the explanation of his lordship. We regret to have fallen into a mistake with regard to his lordship, for which there were certainly some grounds. We now perceive that his lordship has been made the victim of a horrible snare. I need hardly say that the articles which we had intended to publish, on the false information which we received, will now be entirely suppressed. That is all, Mr. Wiggins. You may retire.'

"I was preparing to go, when the Editor stopped me. 'There is one trifling matter, by the way, which, as an affair of business, you may, perhaps, testify to,' said he; 'this fifty-pound note, which I hold in my hand, has been generously pressed upon us by his lordship, to apply to the use of the unfortunate woman who, there is reason to fear, sought to inveigle him. She has consented, for that sum, to emigrate to the United States, where, let us trust, she will lead a

renewed life. This sum we consent to accept, *for the use of the woman*. At the same time, as a compensation for the trouble which we may take in superintending her departure, his lordship has kindly pressed upon us the further sum of twenty pounds, *which we absolutely refuse*. We take you to witness, Mr. Wiggins, that we refuse any money *on our own account*.' And, so saying, he handed back to the Bishop, in my presence, bank-notes to the amount of twenty pounds.

"I left the place soon after this. Indeed, the establishment was, ere long, broken up, and the Editor went on, I believe, to one of the Missionary Magazines.

"The next publication that I became attached to, resembled, in some degree, the Scum, only that it was amongst the clergy we sought out our victims, and that we did not slander them with a view to extort money. The Clerical Bombshell was a paper attached to a particular party, both in politics and church matters; and every one that differed from us, in one thing or the other, was a monster, an atheist, or a Robespierre. I was soon admitted to write short leading articles, in which the object was to condense as much Scripture and as much venom, as could be brought into a single column. If the paper were still published at the present day, for instance, it would draw a parallel between the progress of the cholera last year, and

the successive acts of Lord John Russell's administration. 'Lord John, (that contemptible writer of fifth-rate plays,) proposed an extension of the suffrage. Need any one be told the result of this iniquitous measure? In London alone, fifteen hundred persons died of the cholera *the very next day.*' That, sir, was our style of doing business. Sometimes—in accordance with our name—we exploded in the midst of a secluded valley, scattering death and destruction at the heads of two or three benevolent clergymen, who might have been in the habit of shooting or hunting occasionally; 'Where is the Bishop?' we cried. At other times, we fell foul of ancient works of art. 'Any thing that exhibits more than the naked face and hands is indecent!' we exclaimed, and we called upon the Ministry to have all the Rubens' and Raffaele's, in the public exhibitions, smudged over, if they expected to get through the next year without a visitation of Cossacks, or measles, or some other dreadful calamity. It is twenty years since I left England. Are there any of those kind of papers there now, sir?"

"Well, I think I could name one or two," I replied.

"Indeed, sir! Well, the time would fail me to tell of the numerous situations through which I passed, in how many and what different capa-

cities I became connected with Clerical, Agricultural, Radical, Liberal, High-Tory, Musical, and Theatrical Journals. At one time, I rose so high as to be a writer of small farces, and the dramatic critic to a daily newspaper. The farce which we critics kept up together behind the scenes, was, however, better than any of those that we were compelled to witness on the stage. We were nearly all, I must tell you, dramatic authors by profession, all intimately acquainted with each other, and forming together a sort of *clique*, or club, on terms of mutual accommodation. For instance, Popkins, of the *Hubbub*, would have to review to-day a comedy brought out at the Haymarket by his friend Hopkins, well knowing that Hopkins would review, next week, in the *Clarion*, a drama which he, Popkins, was about to produce at the Coburg. The consequence was, that Popkins wrote, 'Another inimitable adaptation from the French, by that most humourous of authors, Mr. Hopkins,' etc.; and next week, Hopkins returned the compliment, by commencing with 'The deservedly popular Popkins has again,' and so on. We all used to interchange these little acts of kindness. Our friends, the managers, too, who paid us for our pieces, and promoted our comfort in a thousand little ways—of course, we had not the heart to find fault with any thing that they did. Only

that, sometimes, when the public rose, as one man, to hoot a mass of vapid rubbish from the stage, we would remark that ‘a little judicious curtailment would, probably, ensure a run to this really witty production;’ or, ‘the curtain fell amidst much applause, which was not, however, unmingled with signs of disapprobation.’ We never said any thing stronger than this. But I am speaking of bygone days. Of course, theatrical critics in England are very different *now*.

“Well, sir, I will not detain you any longer with what I had to go through in the old country, which I have long since abandoned and forgotten, as you may gather from my manners, and appearance altogether, which would never lead any one to suppose, for a moment, that I am an Englishman. I must tell you, however, how I came to be married, for even that great leap in life was taken by me, quite in the way of business.”

“In the way of business!” I exclaimed.

“Yes, sir. In quite a professional way. I closed my eyes to a single life, and entered into another, and not a better existence, in a manner becoming a literary man. I died, sir, with my harness on my back, or, if you prefer it, with my pen behind my ear.

“You must know, then, that after some time, I sunk from my high estate of newspaper critic, to the humble condition of an ordinary penny-a-liner.

How often have I prowled about the streets of London, scenting a fire in the distance, or snatching at the first tidings of a horrible accident, which seemed almost too good news to be true. What would I not sometimes have given if, on my return home, sore of foot and penniless, I could have learnt that my landlord had beaten his wife to death, and cut the throats of his six small children! I thought, with a sigh, that I should be able to dine comfortably off the inquest, that the trial would be a new pair of Wellingtons to me, and that I might ask a few friends to supper, in virtue of the execution. But, alas! we cannot all have what we wish for. It was in one of those most unfortunate intervals, when there is a total dearth of horrors, that I came to the resolution of turning my knowledge of London to some account; and, accordingly, transmitted to a bookseller of my acquaintance, the first number of an intended serial, to be inserted in his 'People's Revolutionary Magazine.' I called my work 'Ferdinand, the Destroyer. A Romance of Horror:' but the publisher (who accepted it) changed 'Horror' into 'Marylebone,' which he declared would be more taking, so that it was now announced as 'Ferdinand, the Destroyer. A Romance of Marylebone.' I had just brought my second chapter to a triumphant conclusion, and had got the hero to the point of falling in love, when it

struck me that in this, the most important element of my tale, I should be sadly at fault.

“An Author, to describe such a familiar sensation, ought, himself, to have experienced it. Now, I had been in love all my life, and yet, I had never been in love, if you can understand me. I had always cherished an ideal being, or image, as my companion, and the partner of my toils, which had this advantage over a reality, that it cost nothing to feed or to dress. A succession of these images I had been in the habit of fostering, from the age of ten years, to the time of which I now speak. The series had included, amongst others, two paintings, a statue, and an imaginary beauty, half made up of a copper-plate engraving, and the rest supplied by my own poetical fancy. It was, at the shrine of this last-named Goddess, that I had been for some weeks a votary, but I felt that the loves of Ferdinand required a more direct inspiration. I must practise upon some one. In this state of circumstances, I cast my eye upon my landlady's daughter, Jane.

“Jane was not an ill-looking wench, but I should never have dreamed, for an instant, of marrying her; and, as for cherishing any improper thoughts against the poor girl, that, I solemnly assure you, sir, was not the case. I only asked her to sit down on the sofa, whenever she came to clear away the things, and ogled her, and talked non-

sense to her, in the way that I understand real lovers carry on the business. I tried to persuade myself that her arms were white as the lily, and that she never smelt of gin ; and, by this means, and by drinking brandy and water furiously, while looking at her, I came to have an idea of what my Ferdinand's sensations ought to be. I brought my Romance to a conclusion, amidst general satisfaction ; and my love passages were declared to be the best in the whole book. I accordingly discontinued my innocent attentions to Jane, when they were no longer necessary, thinking, of course, that she would appreciate them at their real worth, as the outpourings of an eccentric genius. But, to my surprise, my landlady rushed up, and insisted upon my marrying her daughter. ' You have promised it to her a thousand times ' said she. It was in vain to talk of allegory. ' It is a case of action for breach ' cried out the landlady— ' Yes, of an action upon his breech that he won't much like either,' put in the lubberly landlord, and, I confess, I scarcely knew which would be the worse of the two. In short, sir, I had not a penny, and am not, as you see, a strong man. I married Jane, and three weeks' afterwards had the satisfaction of seeing her run away with one of ' the greatest of living tragedians ' who resided up in the garret."

Here there was a momentary pause, during

which, I took occasion to remark, "The world must have at length, however, appreciated your abilities, Mr. Wiggins, since I am informed that you are now, as you deserve to be, a man of wealth!"

"Ay, ay, sir," he replied, "that was after I had crossed the water; I am coming to that part of my life immediately. I had been earning, for some time, a precarious subsistence by killing, or marrying, persons of some note; when my evil genius (as I then thought) tempted me to attack the life and the reputation of one of the most eminent men in the kingdom. There were certain circumstances connected with the affair, which I need not enter upon—suffice it to say, the paper was compelled to give up its authority—I apprehended some trouble—and, in order to escape it, placed the broad Atlantic between myself and my wicked persecutors.

"With this event, commenced a new epoch in my history. I had got past the debtor, and was arrived at the creditor sheet of life's volume. I am not an astronomer, but it may be that my lucky star shines only in this part of the heavens, so that I had now, for the first time, placed myself under its influence. However that may be, no sooner did it become known that I was a literary man, newly arrived from England, and seeking employment, than an offer was made me

to contribute to one of the journals, a series of sketches of English life and manners. This, I was, of course, competent to do, and my papers on the ballet girls, medical students, and low singing-houses of that period, were not only received with great applause in America, but, ultimately, I have reason to believe, revolutionized the literature of England herself."

"What!" I exclaimed, with some emotion, "can it be that you are really the founder of that great school of literature, which now rules our happy and tasteful land?"

"I have reason to believe so," replied Mr. Wiggins, with excusable pride.

"These sketches," he continued, "I may affirm, without presumption, were founded on observation and experience. I cannot say as much for my chapters on fashionable life, (which were as two to one of the others), but these, if not exactly true, were something much better — they were pre-eminently successful. There is, you must know, a craving appetite here for the minutest particulars of high-life in Europe ; to satisfy this appetite, I took care to prepare the choicest materials. I betrayed an amazing knowledge of fashion. I had known so many dukes and marquises, that my exile must, indeed, have been a bitter one, when passed far away from those dear companions of my youth. I treated the public to an authentic description of

a ball in Grosvenor-square, beginning with the loud rat-tat-tap at the door, and ending with the departure of the carriages, (both which parts of the entertainment I had often graced with my presence), and filled up the intervening blank from imagination. My papers were received with rapture. As I did not abuse England very much, nobody took me for an emigrant Englishman. I was considered to be a native American, publishing the result of his travels, and the reviews and journals extolled me to the skies. 'The names of Scott and Byron pale before that of Wiggins,' they exclaimed. 'Show us another Wiggins throughout the whole of Great Britain, a Wiggins amongst your poet-laureates, or even a suckling Wiggins in the cradle!' Alas, Great Britain might have taken them at their word in the latter particular, perhaps—but that is neither here nor there.

"My next engagement, which I found no difficulty in procuring, was as sub-editor of the *Northern Bouncer*, which was looked upon as the most ably conducted paper in the United States. Its columns were devoted to politics, the *belles-lettres*, slander, science, and abuse of England. The proprietor and editor was a Scotchman, who had already realized an immense fortune by the sale of his journal, which he had raised from insignificance to its present proud

position. I was employed to write on miscellaneous subjects, but more especially to 'do' the English articles, as the public were beginning to weary of the editor's style of abuse, and wanted something new and more racy.

"It was now, that my former connection with a religious journal was of real service to me, as it furnished me with a fund of vituperative epithets, which I might not otherwise have acquired. The same expressions which I had formerly applied to the Roman Catholic Church, I could now employ, with a little modification, against England. 'The toothless old hag,' I wrote 'is now sinking to ruin, in the midst of her own helpless imbecility. *Imbecility*, do I say! No! though decrepit, she is still venomous; though bound hand and foot, she yet seeks to bite; she withers by her malignant witchcraft, if she can no longer strike with her enfeebled arm, etc.' When dished up with a little of the star-spangled banner, it was astonishing how useful these old 'leaders' became to me.

"Not only was my connection with the *Bomb-Shell* of service, but my brief novitiate at the office of the *Scum* aided me in no small degree. We did, to a great extent, the same kind of business as the *Scum*. We instituted the strictest scrutiny into the private lives of public men, and levelled the most horrible, and, in some cases, the foulest accusations against all opposition candi-

dates and politicians. *We* indeed confined our attacks to the higher sorts of game, but every office in our city being elective, there were other journals of less note, which pryed into the character of the obscure officials, in the same way that we did into those of the members of Congress, or the Mayor. It may seem strange to you, sir, that I should consent to the performance of such duties as these, but I must tell you that I had by this time thrown off most of my Britannic prejudices. Besides, we occupied a very different position here, from what, under similar circumstances, we should have occupied in England. We were fêted and caressed by every one; we were admitted into the very first society. Even our victims were, in most cases, compelled to treat us with civility, well knowing that our pen could be made as effectual as a congreve match, for the purpose of burning their houses over their heads. Sometimes, an infuriated Southerner would horse-whip one or other of us sub-editors, but this in no way displeased old MacVerjuice the proprietor, who sold twice as many copies of his paper next day. After I had been in the office about five years, MacVerjuice, who, as I said before, was both proprietor and editor, sold his paper for a large sum to a Loco-foco, and returned to spend the residue of his days in his own country, where he had purchased a magnificent seat, and where

his time has been principally employed, as I am informed, in drinking whiskey and water, and sneering at the United States. After his departure, the new proprietor offered me the situation of head editor, with an increase of salary and a change of principles. I was now in a condition to marry, which I accordingly did—”

“Excuse me,” said I “for interrupting you, but you had not mentioned that your former wife was dead.”

“What, Jane dead! Lord, I hope not—God bless my soul, what should make me wish Jane dead? she never did me any harm, poor thing.”

“Only, that if she were still living, an absurd law—I may almost say legal technicality—would interpose to prevent your natural wishes on such a subject.”

“Ah, I see what you mean,” continued he, “Why, the fact is, we emigrants from Europe, consider the Atlantic as effectual a divorcing power as the House of Lords. A scolding voice cannot be heard across the ocean, nor can a dish-cover strike us on the head, if aimed at the distance of London to New York; so that, missing the customary little tokens of our charmer’s presence, we soon become oblivious of her very existence as well.

“However, you will hear something more of Jane, anon. We were married (my Amaryllis and I), and went to spend the honeymoon at Saratoga, which, you have may-be heard, is the

great watering-place in the State of New York. I continued to render myself serviceable to the journal, by writing for it, every day, a letter full of chit-chat, slander, and fashionable intelligence. You people of England, with your antiquated notions, would be surprised at the liberty and freedom which were permitted in these communications; there was scarcely a lady in the place, concerning whom we had not heard or invented a story. We mentioned them, too, by their names, without disguise, or alluded to them in such a plain manner as prevented the possibility of a mistake. And, by extolling to the skies, in each number, the accommodations of the hotel where we resided, I had the advantage of being boarded and lodged gratuitously.

“After a further lapse of time, I quitted the *Bouncer*, and purchasing a well-established paper in one of the Western States, determined to remove there, and set up business for myself. My predecessor had not been what is usually called a literary man. His qualifications, besides, writing coarse and turgid articles—”

“Excuse me for again interrupting you, Mr. Wiggins,” said I, “but are not nearly *all* American newspaper articles written in a turgid style?”

“Yes, sir. And not only newspaper articles, but sermons, speeches at public meetings, even familiar letters interchanged between friends of long-standing. It is the popular taste, and he

who wishes to succeed, must fall in with it. For instance, if I were writing, in England, on the Great Exhibition of 1851, I should say—

“ ‘The public will be delighted to learn that the buildings for this monster fair are progressing rapidly. There was a talk, some little time ago, of extending the original design, and erecting, on the opposite side of the park, another and a larger edifice, devoted exclusively to Agricultural products. Why has this not been done? But the wealthy have only themselves to blame, for had they been ready with the necessary amount, there can be no doubt that the *whole* of Hyde Park would have been enclosed. We trust, that the Prince Consort will graciously excuse their ignorance.’

“ Now, this translated into American, would run thus:—

“ ‘Our fellow-citizens will learn with rapture, that the constructions necessary for the realizing of the greatest and most truly original conception of modern times—a design calculated to implant some faint glimmering of American grandeur and magnificence in the breasts of decaying Europe—are on the eve of happy completion. A rumour was wafted to our editorial ear, to the effect that the sons of Columbia had matured the plan for a yet more magnificent and enduring monument to our industrial genius—an agricultural wonder, to gladden our eyes from the opposite side of the

park. Whence the failure of its realization? Our Cræsus and Plutuses are at fault.' And so on.

"Well, as I was saying, besides the common gift of writing turgid nonsense, my predecessor had but two qualifications. He was a good shot and a great cheat. The first made him generally feared, the second universally beloved. But neither was calculated to contribute much to the sale of his paper. In a short time, I had raised its sale fourfold. I wrote the prose and my wife the poetry. It was she who composed that celebrated Ode to the Winds, which, you may recollect, begins with the stanza :—

" ' I gaze at the blusterer Boreas,
As onward he doth go—
Not with a glance censorious,
But with pleasure, I watch him blow
Across our plains, the fighter !
To some *terra incognita*. ' " *

* Mrs. Wiggins will excuse me if I venture to entertain a suspicion that she has plagiarized the above stanza from the works of one of the most celebrated of American poetesses, Miss Whipple, now Mrs. Green. Mrs. Green's song to the East Wind begins in much the same manner :—

" From the border of the Ganges,
Where the gentle Hindoo laves ;
And the sacred cow is grazing
By the holy Indian waves.
We have hastened to enrol us
In thy royal train Æolus ! " "

See *Griswold's Female Poets of America*, p. 128.

“Whenever any traveller visited the United States, and on his return published a work disapproving of their institutions, I favoured the public with a true account of his life, generally beginning by stating that his father was hung for forgery. In this way, I grew in the esteem of my fellow-citizens, as well as in wealth, and was soon in a position to despise the calumnies and lies of Levi, the rival Editor. He said what he pleased of me, but I took no notice of his impotent malice. At length, one morning, my eyes fell upon a passage in his paper, which banished the colour from my cheeks. It was as follows :—

“‘EXTRAORDINARY DISCLOSURE ! By a most singular coincidence, we have been put in possession of a fact in the early life of the caitiff Editor W—g—s. It appears that the miscreant is a BIGAMIST !! The whole particulars connected with himself and his first wife are known to us alone, but will appear in our next. When the circumstances become noised abroad, the villain may expect a visit from the officers of justice. *Raro Antecedentium Sceletos dessiruit pænopæde Claudio !*”

“The rascal had, by some means or other, got possession of the fact of my previous marriage ! Jane was, perhaps, at that moment, in America. The thought was distraction. The laws of the country are severe against bigamy ; I should be condemned to a lengthened term of imprisonment,

or spend half my fortune in bribing the Governor and Judge to let me out again. There was but one course to pursue, and one or other of us must fall. Wrath and despair nerved me to the task. I ran down the street as hard as I could, and pulled the other Editor's nose. He kicked me. The affair was arranged to take place that same afternoon, in a wood near the town.

“After partaking of an early dinner (though, it must be confessed, that I did not eat much), I strolled down the street, with my rifle over my shoulder, and my second, Colonel Tickler, beside me. We met several people by the way, and, amongst others, the Mayor, all of whom stopped politely, and asked us where we were about to ‘settle our difficulty’—for the news of the approaching fight was, by this time, known to every man, woman, and child, in the town. The Colonel replied, that he had selected the Bowie Wood, at a distance of half a mile. ‘That’s right, Judge!’ said they to me. (I must tell you that I had been elected a Judge, only a short time before, by an overwhelming majority over Levi.) ‘That’s right, Judge, shoot him down, shoot him down!’ Alas! I thought that he might have had advice of the same kind given to him, and would be equally ready to follow it.

“Our seconds selected two trees, which faced each other, at a distance of about forty paces, with-

out any intervening obstacle. Behind one, they placed Levi, and behind the other, they placed me, such being the mode of duelling prevalent in that part of the country. They then left us to ourselves in the middle of the wood, there being no particular law of honour in this kind of single combat, which, from its very constitution, requires nothing more than that you should shoot one another as you can. This is not so easily done, however; for, both being safely ensconced behind trees, with rifles in their hands, neither is willing to be the first to move, and so expose himself as a clear mark to his opponent. There is a hesitation, too, about being the first to shoot, which is only natural; seeing, that if you miss your friendly antagonist, you are yourself left without a defence. In this way Levi and I continued, for a whole hour, to peep round the sides of the trees at one another, each withdrawing his head as soon as he perceived the other doing the same. At the end of that time, a tremendous shower of rain came down, deluging me to the skin, and, in despite of all I could do, wetting the powder in my gun. 'Levi!' I bawled out, at the top of my voice, 'is your powder wet?' 'No,' he replied. 'Mine's not,' I returned—'it's beautifully dry!' But this subterfuge would not do. I saw Levi advance calmly from his hiding-place, with his rifle ready to level to his shoulder, and wearing a diabolical

air of triumph. There was yet one hope. 'Stop!' I exclaimed, 'lay down that infernal instrument, and let us have a parley for a moment.' 'Agreed!' he replied. 'Levi,' said I, advancing towards him, 'you are a devilish good fellow, after all. Suppose, instead of your shooting me, we go into partnership together!'

" 'With all my heart,' he returned. 'Here, give me your word of honour that, if I don't shoot you, you will take me into partnership?'

" 'I give you my oath.'

" 'All right, then. Let us move homewards again.'

" 'The fact was,' said I, 'that, as you plainly perceived, my gun was wet and wouldn't go off.'

" 'No more would mine!' he returned.

" 'I confess I felt rather like a fool at this. However, it was something to have won him over to my interest, as the affair of my first marriage might now be hushed up.'

" 'Tell me, my friend,' said I, when we were seated amicably together in my office, partaking of a rum-smasher, 'tell me, how did you come to know that I had another wife living, ey?'

" 'Oh, you *have*, have you?' he exclaimed, with the greatest surprise. It was perfectly new to him. He had unintentionally told the truth. Fool that I was! I had forgotten that he was an Editor, and had judged of him only as a common man.

"We, however, enjoyed a hearty laugh over the matter. I soon underwent a *pro formâ* trial, was found guilty of bigamy, and sentenced to a month's imprisonment. The same night, I dined with the Governor, on whom I had called to pay the hundred dollars for my immediate pardon. The Judge (whom I took care to remember handsomely) ruled that both marriages were legal, and, to obviate difficulties, the State legislature, for a trifle, passed a special statute on the subject. I need say no more. My literary life closed shortly afterwards; but, although you may never have heard of me as an author, I should imagine that you have occasionally met with the names of *Wiggins and Levi*, dry-goods importers. Sir, I am that identical Wiggins. What need of more!"

And, so saying, the old gentleman, who had by this time taken quite as much ale as he could manage to carry, stalked out with a majestic dignity, which declared the man of much consideration and many dollars.

NEWPORT.

The climate of the hot cities proving rather too much for my European constitution, I formed the project of migrating, for some fortnight or three weeks, to a watering-place. Of those that were proposed to me, Saratoga appeared to be the most fashionable and frequented,—Newport the coolest and the most agreeable. To its other advantages, Newport added the incalculable enjoyment of sea-bathing, whereas Saratoga was an inland place, hotter than those very cities whose heat formed the excuse to fly there. My resolution was, therefore, very soon taken, and retracing my way to New York, by means of one of the dustiest and most uncomfortable railroads that the imagination can conjure up, I placed myself once more on board my old friend, the “Empire State,” Newport, my destination, lying on the way from New York to Boston.

It does not unfrequently happen that a dense fog arises, at night-fall, on Long Island Sound. Such was the case on the present occasion. To such an extent, indeed, did it prevail, that we

entirely lost our way, being obliged to sound every few yards, and not arriving at Newport till morning, instead of the middle of the night. The circumstance would have passed out of my mind—for, though not a nautical man, I apprehended that there was no danger, but only the annoyance of a long delay—were it not for my recollection of an elderly lady—an Englishwoman—who, it appears, had come out in search of her husband, a deserter from the connubial hearth and home. Upon some information she had obtained, she first explored New York, from which, however, the culprit had, some time before, taken his flight. I confess, I was rather anxious to hear whether her name might not be Wiggins; I was relieved, by learning that it was Brown, or some other common name of that sort. Brown was now, she said, at Boston—she had certain knowledge of his whereabouts—she could prove that he was living with another woman—if there was law or justice to be had in this country, she would serve him out. She was one of those tall bony females, of masculine appearance, whom Mr. Dickens so happily describes in the persons of the strong-minded woman, of Mrs. Pipchin, and of Aunt Trotwood. It was on learning that I came from England, that she favored me with the above communication; for my part, on seeing her grasp her umbrella

with a vindictive air, as she enumerated the perjuries and other monstrosities of which she had been made the victim, I experienced a sensation of pity for that other victim, her husband, whom I could not help picturing to myself, by way of contrast, as a little inoffensive man, who had tried every means of pacifying his helpmate before adopting the expedient of flight, and who would now be led back in triumph, tied—so to speak—to her chariot wheels. If she had been a pretty woman of five or six-and-twenty, my sympathies would, of course, have been quite the other way. I should then have felt certain that her husband wore an immense pair of black whiskers, meeting under the chin. Imagination would have invested him with the conjugal poker. And great would have been my admiration for the woman, who, with a true woman's fidelity, had crossed the ocean in search of such a ruffian and cut-throat.

However, no sooner had the fog come on, and she was made aware that we were stopping every moment to sound with the plummet, than the rage of Mrs. Brown, by a beautiful and natural process, withdrew itself for a while from the distant and unseen Brown, to vent its force upon the whole American nation, then and there present, and embodied in that vessel. This was what she had crossed the ocean for!—She had heard of their blowings-up—A pretty thing, indeed!—A fog!

Indeed ! I ventured to suggest, that in the land from which she had come, fogs were not wholly unknown, or seen only to the scientific eye. It was in vain. "A pretty people the Americans, to harbour your run-away husbands, and then, when you come to fetch them, to take away your lives in steamers !" It is still my opinion, that this athletic woman would have rushed upon the Captain, and pitched him overboard, had it not been for my interference. I caught my last glimpse of her as I stood on shore at Newport, with my trunks around me. She was in one of the balconies which line the side of the steamer, resolute, unabashed, determined. A sympathetic tear rose to my eye, when I thought that I, too, might one day have a Mrs. — (my name) coming after *me* !

I very soon became domesticated at Newport, and spent an uncommonly agreeable time there. It is a wonder to me that, with the facilities of modern travelling, some of our fashionables do not patronize this pleasant town (the temperature of which has often been compared to that of the Isle of Wight) instead of the old stale places on the Rhine and elsewhere. There are, certainly, one or two of its "institutions" which one might wish to see altered, and which would prove objections to the minds of those who expect to find England everywhere. The mode of

life, judging from what I have seen, is this. You rise when you like—always bearing in mind that breakfast is on the table from eight till ten, and that if you are not down till after the last-named hour, you must wait till dinner. After losing your way, five or six times, in the long corridors and winding passages of the enormous wooden village, 'yclept hotel, you will reach the apartment devoted to eating, where Judges, Doctors and Generals, surrounded by Belles from all parts of the Union, are indulging in the morning repast. This Institution—everything is an Institution in America—is susceptible of a rather unpleasant illustration, in the case of certain gentlemen who make it consist of almost anything that you may be pleased to name, and seem to consider that the true mode of enjoying it, is to order several different sorts of dishes, which they consume in succession, or all together, according to their taste. “What will you take for breakfast this morning, sir?” “Well, I'll take some beef-steak, a dish of fried-fish, and an omelette, I guess.” “Beef-steak, fish and omelet, sir. Yes sir. What else, sir?” “Well, let me have some stewed tripe, and a sausage.” And the happy man, surrounded by little dishes containing the required articles, falls to work; a change of plate, or of knife and fork, being unknown.

After breakfast, a general dispersion of the

company takes place, some pacing up and down the long colonnades, in front of the house, in the enjoyment of their cigars; others repairing to the news-room; others to bowling-alleys, billiard-rooms, and pistol-galleries; confirmed toppers to the bar; men of a gallant habit, to the ladies' drawing-room. At half-past ten o'clock, carriages are at the door to take down the ladies to the beach; twelve o'clock is the gentlemen's bathing hour. The stranger, however, would not be held to commit an unpardonable act, who strolled down to the sea-side half an hour before the time fixed for his sex, and came full into the midst of a couple of hundred of fair bathers. Not, indeed, that the American ladies are wanting in modesty. This is the very last charge that could be brought against those fair beings, who speak of a "leg" with hesitation, and would sink through the earth at the mention of a "rump-steak." The reverse is the fact—they all go into the water, clad in enormous woollen petticoats, thick upper clothes, and I don't know what else besides. To such an extent, indeed, are they cased in and muffled up from the inquisitive eye, that I should imagine they must come out of the sea as dry or drier than when they plunge in.

After bathing, there are amusements of various kinds to fill up the time till dinner. This repast, at which two or three hundred persons sit down

together, in a vast room, takes place at three. The stranger from England will find plenty to do in watching the evolutions of the black waiters, who go through the most extraordinary movements that I have ever seen out of a review. They are under the command of a chief, at the wave of whose hand they put on and take off the dishes, marching in a row, orderly and erect. But the most unaccountable thing that they do, is, at the epoch of the pudding, cheese and dessert, (all of which come on at the same time, and form one course), when they first march down the room, bearing the dishes aloft and, clustering round their leader, form themselves into the figure of a star—then up the room, and form into some other kind of figure—then up and down and round each other, with marvellous rapidity and precision—and while you are still wondering where in the world all those melons and pineapples and oranges are to go to—*Whiz!* at the well-known signal, they are popped down beside you, and off march the waiters, empty-handed and in double file. You will still be wondering, when a rise will take place, and the company will be moving off *en masse* towards the door. For at Newport, which is the resort of fashion, I find the rate of eating infinitely more rapid than at the commercial hotels of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, at which I have stopped.

Immediately after dinner, an excellent German band, of a dozen performers, plays for a couple of hours or so, while the majority of the company walk rapidly up and down a vast corridor, to the benefit of their digestive organs. Standing with your cigar in your mouth, and a clear space round you for expectoration, you may watch the beauty, surrounded by her numerous admirers, smiled upon and hated by her bosom companions; the lady "who requires to be known to be appreciated" sitting alone and neglected; the young man of fashion who has escaped for a few weeks from the counting-house or the store, pricking his thumb and forefinger with the stumps of his incipient moustache; the aged senator masticating his quid—in a word, allowing for certain differences, much the same kind of thing that took place at Bath and Cheltenham, in the days when people frequented those now obsolete towns. To this succeed, riding, driving and novel-reading, for the rest of the day, with tea at seven, and supper at ten, a ball usually taking place at one or other of the hotels.

There are no particularly inviting rides or drives in the neighbourhood of Newport, but I suppose that, with the beloved of one's soul, any ride or drive is inviting, and if the Americans at all resemble the other nations of the earth, there must be a great many people beloved of other people's

souls, in these watering-places. I not unfrequently felt a malicious pleasure in sauntering about, watching the passers by, and detecting the first dawn of matrimonial engagements, which, I dare say, only took place in my imagination. One old lady very much excited my indignation, by removing with her daughter from the hotel—as I heard from authentic sources—because the latter had presumed to fall in love. Why did she bring her there then? And, when once there, why should she not fall in love like every one else? Why, because the mother had some absurd idea that the daughter had great literary talent, and would one day turn out a novel-writer, a Mrs. Trollope, a Miss Edgeworth. “Literary women should never be married” she said. The young lady was, therefore, to be kept from all knowledge of the world and the flesh—only, to cultivate the spirit and the intellect. I hope her mother’s prophecy may be wrong. I hope she may not turn out a great novelist. She was such a sweet, agreeable girl, that I wish her a better fate.

I could not, however, help musing upon the futility of those efforts which some parents are always making to build up between their children and the passions which most naturally assail them, a barrier which no one has ever erected, or ever will erect—a wall, to keep out what? Why, the earth, of which the very wall itself is composed.

The fact is, that the world and the flesh—and I might continue the quotation still further—are so mixed up with every thing that we either meditate or put in action—with all that is passing around and about us—that to keep a young man or a young woman in entire unconsciousness of their working, is a downright impossibility. To shut the door of the mind and the understanding, to the longings and passions of which human nature is susceptible, is only to give them time to accumulate outside. When it is opened, they rush in and triumph. They should have been fought singly. And there is a deep moral in the old tales, which tell of kings and viziers shutting up their princes and princesses in lonely towers, to prevent their being married, like the Moorish monarch in the Tale of the Alhambra, who thought to keep his son from a knowledge of the meaning of love. The young people always triumph. The prince always gets out of his confinement, and finds a princess suited to his mind; the princesses always find means of admitting a corresponding number of princes. The guards are slain, the drawbridge is past, and off they go!

The arrival at Newport, while I was there, of Henry Clay, the greatest living orator and statesman on this side of the Atlantic, created a sensation which the Englishman would be at a loss to understand. With us, the cabinet-minister or

politician who, at the close of the session, retires to his country-seat, or pays a visit to a friend, merges, to a certain extent, into a private citizen. He is accessible to those only who are acquainted with him—a few mayors and corporations may annoy him with orations and deputations by the way, but, in general, he is suffered to remain unmolested. Here, on the contrary, a public man becomes public property; go where he will, he must be open to all; the tag-rag and bob-tail thrust their cards upon him; Tom, Dick, and Harry, seize him by the button-hole, and interrogate him as to his political views on such and such a point, what he has been doing in the Senate, what is the next measure that he is about to bring forward. This freedom of intercourse springs naturally from the institutions of the country; those who have read any thing about the United States must be aware that such is the fact.

Mr. Clay, for instance, laboured for some months at Washington, last summer, to bring to a satisfactory solution the great question of the day, that of negro slavery. With this end in view, he brought forward a measure called the Compromise, unhappily defeated by a small majority, but which has been the means of calling forth one of the finest speeches which he has ever delivered. Disappointed, as may naturally be supposed, *at the result of his efforts, and anxious to*

recruit his shattered health, he announced his intention of spending a fortnight at this place, expressing a hope, at the same time, that his privacy would not be intruded upon. How far this wish has been complied with, may be judged from the fact, that at Philadelphia (as I read in the newspapers) an immense mob escorted him from the steamer to his hotel; and, not content with this demonstration, called him out upon the balcony, and insisted on his making a speech. At New York, it was found necessary to have waiters stationed at the door, to keep off the mob, while he was snatching a hurried dinner; here, at Newport, every one called upon him, and people expressed their surprise at the fact of my not being personally acquainted with Mr. Clay, proving any bar to my going in and talking politics with him for half an hour or so. In fact, the reception of Elijah Pogram, as described in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, will give but a faint idea of what this really able man is made to endure, at the hands of his admiring countrymen.

One evening, an acquaintance of mine came over to the Atlantic House, and insisted upon my accompanying him to the Bellevue Hotel, where he was desirous that I should catch a glimpse of his great countryman. I assented, resolving, however, in my own mind, that I would not thrust *myself* unduly forward, and, in case of an intro-

duction taking place, depart after the interchange of a few common-place observations. On our arrival, we found that he had gone off to his room, and I was, accordingly, preparing to return to my hotel, when my companion proposed that we should peep through the window of the statesman's apartment, and so get a sight of him, "It looks out upon the verandah," said he, "and there are no blinds, so we shall easily manage it." I was on the point of declining any participation in this manœuvre, when, at a little distance, I perceived a large crowd collected in front of a couple of windows, the foremost of whom were pressing their noses against the glass, like a mob before a surgeon's shop, when a wounded man has been taken inside. Persons were actually getting out chairs, and clambering on each others shoulders, to gaze at something within. On going up, and edging my way through the throng, I caught sight of the back of an arm-chair, with a few locks of gray hair emerging above the top, and a pair of Wellington boots visible below. I had no need to be informed that it was the hair and the Wellington boots of Henry Clay, that I saw before me. Whether this was his bedroom, and the many-headed stopped to see their representative undress, I cannot say. For that night, at least, my curiosity was satiated. My companion, however, was a little surprised at the opinion which I subsequently ex-

pressed with regard to this occurrence. "Ou great men," said he, "live in the breath of public applause. You may depend upon it, that the great Kentuckian is not, after all, so much displeased at the homage which they are paying him."

It may be so. But save me from the greatness which compels me to shake hands with every ruffian who is desirous of making my acquaintance! Save me from having to exhibit my fair proportions to the sovereign people, and to stand, in a state of nature, before an admiring constituency!

Some days after this occurrence, I enjoyed what to me was a sincere pleasure as well as a great honour—an introduction to Mr. Clay, and a conversation with that illustrious man. When I speak of its being an "honour," I do not employ that term in the sense in which the Marquis or Marchioness of Londonderry might use it. I do not mean to say that any extraordinary exertions were necessary on my part to bring about the said introduction, or that my being introduced at all was a mark of the high estimation in which I was held on the other side of the water. Had such been the case, I should have deemed it the height of vanity to say anything about the matter; but as the contrary is the fact, and any respectable man can be taken up to shake hands with the most illustrious personages in the country, I mention it.

Mr. Clay is now between seventy and eighty years of age, remarkably tall, (at a guess I should say full six feet two); but, notwithstanding the period of life at which he has arrived, walks erect and with a firm step. His forehead is high and intellectual, and his countenance, I should imagine, capable of great versatility of expression. His voice is particularly harmonious; and, upon the whole, he strikes me as a man well calculated to command in a popular assembly.

If popularity could make any man happy, surely Mr. Clay would be that individual. Fêted and caressed wherever he goes, he is the idol not only of the great whig party, but, what is perhaps more important, of the ladies of all parties and political sentiments whatsoever. A lady informed me that she was once present at Cape May, where a whole steamboat full of the fair sex thronged round him to insist upon a kiss a-piece; my fair informant herself obtained a lock from the few that still adorn his time-honoured head. But as there is always a *something* which the most successful of men are disappointed in not having obtained, so I am informed that Mr. Clay has a secret cause for vexation. It has been the great object of his life to become President of the United States; many imagine that he has not yet abandoned all idea of winning the prize. How *he has been defeated* in his aim, how he has been

doomed to see men inferior to himself thrust over his head time after time, needs no recapitulation on either side of the Atlantic.

I was sorry to see that this eminent man looked considerably worn down, as if by toil and mental exertion. While speaking on ordinary topics he appeared a little absent, as if his mind were elsewhere. This was perfectly natural; but I am informed that it is not usual with Mr. Clay, who, when in perfect health, is remarkable for devoting his attention to the thing immediately before him, and enters into the spirit of a pleasure trip, or a bowling party, with as much zest as he would advocate a measure, or negotiate a treaty. Upon the whole, I took my leave of this remarkable man, praying that America might be blessed with a long series of patriots such as he has been, and that he might himself long be spared, to be the boast of his countrymen, and the ornament of his country.

A NEWPORT BALL.

When I had been a few days at Newport, placards were hung up on the columns of our hotel, containing what to me was a very grateful announcement. They proclaimed the fact that a ball, or as it is here called (in imitation of our English slang term) a "hop," was to take place in the evening. Great preparations were being made for this event. I experienced a mixed feeling of delight and apprehension at the idea of mingling, on familiar terms, with the beauty, the wealth, and the aristocracy of the town.

From an early hour of the afternoon, the black waiters were employed in "fixing" the dining-room for the approaching festivities. The long tables were borne away into distant apartments; the chairs and benches placed against the walls, so as to leave a clear space for the dancers; and a kind of temporary wooden stand erected, at one end of the room, for the orchestra; while flat wooden boards, pierced with a number of round holes, through which were stuck candles of various heights and sizes, served for the chandeliers. The

arrival, at about half-past eight o'clock, of a dozen or so of good-looking young men, laden with violin boxes, loose music, and the other paraphernalia of the art, reminded us—that is, the gentlemen—that it was time to seek our bed rooms for the purpose of dressing; the ladies, I need hardly say, had gone up stairs a long time before, carrying in their hands the mysterious brown paper parcels so well-known to the husbands of Europe, and not at all disposed to make the least of those charms, which nature, to tell the truth, has very freely bestowed upon the women of America.

I am one of those who think it, above all things, necessary to cultivate the *mind*; speaking with becoming contempt of the members of my sex who devote any great attention to their persons, which latter kind of adornment, I deem to be frivolous and absurd in the extreme. In other words, I am a very plain man. No one, therefore, would feel any surprise, were I to state that I imprisoned my feet in the most tightly fitting boots that money could procure; that the imperfections of my form were softened down by an ingeniously padded coat, and that the amount of grease which I put upon my hair would have sufficed for the wheels of a whole railway-train. This is often the case with plain and clumsy men. After devoting time enough to their toilets for a

dashing young curate, about to make a west-end conversion, or Macready, when he is going on in the part of Othello, they saunter into a room, with a resigned air, as much as to say "Oh, yes, I daresay, I am not as good a figure as Captain A.—but then, remember, *he pads*. My feet may not be particularly small, but then I take no pains to conceal the fact. My hair may not be so glossy soft as Lord B.'s—but, provided it suits myself, what of that? You won't catch *me* spending twenty minutes, or half an hour, about it. I am above these frivolities. You see me in the rough, and must take me as such. I have loftier pursuits in view. My object is the *mind*.

Well, despiser of earthly frivolities as I am, the sound of several waltzes, polkas, and quadrilles had penetrated to my apartment, before I was quite prepared to descend "in the rough." This apartment, by the way, is situated at an immense elevation from the ground, and might, with more propriety, be termed a small belfry, (only that there is no bell in it of any kind.) It is that sort of room which popular imagination assigns to German princes, in their own country, before their marriage. From this room, a bracing walk of about ten minutes takes me to the door of the dining-saloon, through long passages and corridors, in which Irish chambermaids appear to be eternally giggling, and cutting

jokes, with black men. Arrived at my destination, my ticket was demanded of me by a person stationed at the door for that purpose, after the delivery of which, I was at once ushered into the scene of mirth and festivity.

The first thing that struck me on entering the room was, that all, or nearly all, the gentlemen were looking cool and comfortable in white trousers; whereas, in our own country, they would have been inadmissible, unless they had had on black trowsers. I could not help offering up a silent prayer to the effect that H. R. H., or the new Duke of Cambridge, or some one born to command in such matters, would one day, by his example, relieve us from the necessity of dancing in the dog-days, encased in thick black cloth. However, smothering my indignation in my breast, I cast a glance round the room, which presented an aspect that was brilliant and enlivening in the extreme, more especially when I looked forward to the time when, the band striking up (there was just now a pause), the greater part of those figures now reposing on their chairs, or sauntering up and down after the preceding dance, would be in motion, bounding and hopping about, clasped in each others' arms.

The appearance of a ball-room in America, does not essentially differ from that of one in England. On the present occasion, we were honoured by

the presence, not only of our own *belles*, but of the most distinguished beauties from the other hotels, who, by their union, gave rise to the excitement of an agreeable rivalry, each gentleman fixing upon one of the representatives of his own hotel, as decidedly *the* star of the evening. These ladies, one and all, were habited strictly after the French fashions, which they had taken care to procure straight from Paris, undisfigured by the insertion of an extra flounce, or an English sleeve, on the road. Many of them carried magnificent bouquets, it being the custom, I am told, that a young lady, on the morning preceding the night of an intended ball or party, should be presented with these memorials of their admiration, by the young gentlemen of her acquaintance. This is done with great delicacy, the flowers being left at the door anonymously; and, of course, no young lady ever has the least idea as to who the donor can be. It thus becomes a matter of ambition with the fair sex, as to who can generally exhibit the largest number of these trophies. One lovely girl, indeed, entered the room with the air of Taglioni, after an unusually brilliant *pas seul*, being quite overwhelmed and weighed down with flowers, as if she were sitting in an arbour.

Whilst I was still looking around me, the band struck up a polka of that enlivening nature which causes the feet to go off of their own accord,

without pausing to enquire whether the rest of the limbs are disposed to follow. From note to note, and from bar to bar, did that band play, and still not a single couple stood up to dance. There sat every one stiff and erect against the wall, as if it were some solemn rite that we had met to celebrate. At length, after a vast amount of coaxing, and pulling about, and hesitating, and refusing, and such like indications of maiden bashfulness, a couple of young ladies broke the ice by twirling off together. They were followed, after a short interval, by a second and finally by a third couple (both composed of young ladies). While we were yet employed in watching these adventurous beings, a young man with a very pretty girl—I knew them to be brother and sister—made a feeble attempt at executing the step, but the band at that moment happily leaving off, they were forced to resume their seats, to which they returned through a cross-fire from the indignant eyes of those matrons, who were unaware of the relationship which existed between them. And this being over, a general smile of content pervaded the company, as much as to say, “Is not this exciting?”

Having, by way of politeness, grinned in a ghastly manner, intended to be expressive of my joy, I was so fortunate as to catch sight of an American lady, with whom—from the circumstance

of her having resided for many years in England—I knew that I could talk freely on the institutions of her country. Going up, I made bold to ask her why nobody danced?

“Oh, you are mistaken,” she replied, “wait till the next dance but one, which is to be a quadrille, and then you will see that every one—all the young folks, that is to say—will take part in it.”

“But the polka and waltz, madam, does nobody ever join in them?”

“Well—yes—sometimes—that is to say, there is a certain party which does.”

“Excuse me for asking such a question,” said I, seeing that my amiable informant smiled; “but would you forbid your daughter to dance the polka or the waltz?”

“Most decidedly.”

“You would allow her, however, to take part in a quadrille?”

“Oh, yes.”

“And in a quadrille *only*?”

“In that *only*; and you will find that nearly all respectable mothers are of my way of thinking.”

These answers, suggesting certain thoughts to my mind, caused me to be silent for a moment or two, when Mrs. —, who is the very soul of good humour and liberality, insisted upon know-

ing what was passing through my head. "Tell me, Mr. Smith," she said "what you think of this 'institution' of ours. I have a particular reason for putting this question, and shall be positively angry if you fail to answer it candidly and without reserve."

"Well, madam," I replied, emboldened by her manner, "I will own that to a person brought up exclusively in England, and with English notions, it does appear somewhat strange that a young lady, if once permitted to enter a ball-room, should yet be allowed to dance nothing but the quadrille, which, as we all know, is not a very exhilarating affair. In England, indeed, we have a party who proscribe dancing altogether, as a vain and frivolous amusement. This I can understand, and I can respect the scruples of these persons, when not pushed to an immoderate length, such as the condemnation of those who *do* dance. But, that it should be incumbent on those ladies of America, who do not share in these scruples, to shun polkas and waltzes, I cannot, for my part, comprehend. In a London ball-room, you will see them danced by the ladies; and I am sure that you, madam, will not be disposed to deny that the ladies of England are as much distinguished for their modesty and propriety of conduct, as those of any other country in the world."

"I most cheerfully admit the fact. And what

if I tell you that, during our residence in England, my daughter invariably danced the polka and waltz, without the slightest objection on my part!"

"Then I am forced to suppose that there is something in the mode of dancing it here——"

"You are right; I will tell you. You must know, then, that in the public and private ball-rooms of this country, especially in New York, there have arisen a set of young men (unhappily too numerous) who dance the polka in an *outré*, and as many of us cannot help thinking, an indecent manner. They are of the class 'rowdy,' or as you would call them 'fast' young men. Now, as it would cause a great deal of ill-feeling if we were to point out to our daughters which partners they may accept, and which they are to refuse, we think it best that they should refuse all alike. You now understand our motive."

I confess I was somewhat surprised at this statement. "What, do you mean to say, madam," I exclaimed, "that in this country there are young men of respectable families who venture to introduce the manners—of—of—the Casino," (for the life of me I could not help coming out with the word) of such a place as that, into the drawing-room? And are they not at once marked men, destined never to be invited again, as would be the case in England? What! cannot you ac-

cept an invitation to a ball in Philadelphia, — New York, without being exposed to this?"

"Alas, no! Society is comparatively weak and powerless in this country. It cannot put down these kind of things as you can. But wait till the evening is further advanced, and the 'rowdy' party join in. Then you will see what I mean."

I did wait, and, considering the total want of spirit which characterized the whole affair—whether or not from the cause which had just been stated to me, I could not as yet tell—I looked upon myself as a martyr to the acquisition of knowledge. I was at length gratified (if I may use such a term) by the sight of two or three young men, belonging to good families, and entitled, in every respect, (but their conduct) to the appellation of "gentlemen," who led off a polka, with as many partners of the opposite sex. These were mostly of that class whom we in England should speak of as "rather disposed to be flirts," "slightly inclined to be coquettes," and the like, and whom writers of the Albert Smith school would call "stunners," "slap-up gals," "regular out-and-outers," and other such names, expressive of admiration.

And now, off they went, the gentleman, at one time, holding the lady's arm extended high up in the air—at another, dashing down the room with her at the rate of thirty miles an hour, hugging

her round the waist, whirling her round in all sorts of grotesque fashions, taking little steps, one after another, so small, that they were almost imperceptible, so that he seemed as if he were standing in the same place, wriggling about like a dog fresh from the water. In a word, I saw enough to convince me that the mothers of America are right, and to induce the hope that society in America is about to make a "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether." Why should a large body of amiable and inoffensive people be excluded from an allowable enjoyment by a few miserable "rowdies?"

On leaving the heated ball-room, to cool myself in the open air (with the prudence habitual to youth), I beheld a sight which filled me with pleasure. In the long colonnade which encircles the hotel, and on which the windows of the ball-room look out, there was a large crowd of poor people listening to the music, and peeping through the green blinds, to catch a sight of the brilliant company within. They were behaving in a most orderly manner, and no one attempted to interfere with them. I could not help reflecting, that in England the waiters would have been sent to swear at these people, the landlord himself might have possibly come out to bestow a few choice words of speech upon them, half-a-dozen pugilistic encounters would have taken place, and, finally,

the police would have caused them to "move."

The festivities terminated at an early hour. I was, for my part, pleased to exchange the sound of violins and cornets for the snoring of my door neighbour, which aforesaid snoring, passing through the thin partition, lulled me to sleep mingled with sweet dreams of home, and (my cat and my canary bird) whom I had lulled behind me.

THE FITZ-EUSTACE OSBORNES.

Among the many pleasant reminiscences of Newport, which I shall always cherish, first and foremost is that of our "Club." Such was the name which we ventured to assign to a union formed by seven or eight of us, for the purposes of companionship, and the interchange of sherry-cobblers. Our little Society was not regulated by any fixed laws, and a similarity of pursuits and habits had thrown us together during our temporary sojourn, without the intervention of black-balling.

One evening, as we were seated in the room of my friend Ahab Briggs, to whose turn it had fallen to entertain us, the conversation happened to run upon novels, and amongst other novels, upon the "Gaol Chaplain," a series of papers published, some years ago, in *Bentley's Miscellany*. "I like them very well," said an Englishman present—"with one exception—they do not usually end in a satisfactory manner."

"How so?" I asked.

"Why," replied the Englishman, "because

there is often a mystery which is never cleared up. Your feelings are worked upon by the narrative of the conviction, upon very doubtful evidence, of a murderer, who dies protesting his innocence. 'Did Martha commit this deed of blood? Heaven only knows!' The End. Now, I think that that is a most unjustifiable termination—I do, indeed."

This remark set us all discussing whether such a plan might not very properly be adopted, for imprinting a story upon the mind of the reader. Some affirmed that mystery exercises an influence like that of courtship, and that the imagination dwells more intensely upon an incomplete tale, than a complete one; the clearing up of the mystery, like marriage, being only calculated to break the charm. Others declared that every author, on commencing a narrative, should be held bound, by a tacit pledge, to satisfy the reader's curiosity in every reasonable particular; that novels were intended to promote pleasure, but that to arouse a violent passion without attempting to allay it, was to give unnecessary pain. We were interrupted by our entertainer. "You are talking," said he, "of works of fiction, but the subject of your discourse reminds me of the curious circumstances attending the disappearance of my cousin Matthias, who sailed, one morning, without anybody's knowing the why or the wherefore, from New York to Borneo."

“How was that?” we asked simultaneously.

“All that is known on the subject may be told in a few words. My cousin (who was an Englishman, by the way) was a highly respectable curate in the city of New York. He was a great scholar, but not at all a man of the world. One morning, to the horror of every one, he disappeared. Inquiries were instituted; it was found that he had sailed in a ship bound for Borneo. About a year afterwards, we received a package from the Reverend Father Concardeau, Roman Catholic Missionary in the island, informing us that my unfortunate cousin, after having served some time as Protestant Missionary in the interior, had been slain and eaten by the savages. Enclosed in the package were some papers belonging to the deceased, which the savages, not being able to convert to culinary purposes, had kindly forwarded to the station, together with his head of hair. We found them to contain a Day-book, or Diary, kept during the last two months of his residence at New York.”

“And surely,” said I, “these papers must have thrown some light on the reasons, which induced him to leave the country in so hurried a manner?”

“Stop a moment, I was coming to that point. The fact is, that they do and they do not, if you can understand me. In the first place, it would appear from the contents, that my cousin had

formed a matrimonial engagement (which we had never heard of, nor even so much as suspected) with a young English lady of rank. In the next place, though he himself describes the lady as everything that is lovely and charming, and though he was ultimately to obtain a fortune of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars (or fifty thousand pounds, as you know) with her, he yet flies from her side, without assigning a cause or pretext. In the third place, this very lady, on being written to in England, where we felt pretty sure that she had returned, sends for answer, that she never saw my cousin in her life, and even has the impudence to deny that she was ever in New York! Now, there is clearly some mystery hidden under all this."

"Are the fragments of the diary which you just now spoke of, still in existence?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," replied my friend. "I have them (or rather copies of them) here in my trunk. I was thinking of reading them to you, and asking your opinion. Only that I should be afraid of worrying you with what are, after all, only entries of common-place love-scenes and conversations."

"Oh read them by all means!" we exclaimed at once.

"Well, then, here is the first extract, to which I invite your attention. You must bear in mind, that my cousin was a curate, unversed in the ways of the world, and full of piety.

* * * * *

Monday, February 1.—To what vicissitudes are persons of wealth and station exposed, and how checquered oftentimes is their career. “*Hinc apicem*” says Horace, “*rapax Fortuna cum stridore acuto Sustinet, hic posuisse gaudet.*” And it is in much the same spirit that Tennyson has sung—

“ Fill the can and fill the cup,
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again.”

I have been led into the above train of thought by the perusal of a letter, received this morning, while I was breakfasting. It was from a lady signing herself Eleanor Gertrude Fitz-Eustace Osborne, and who dates from—— Street,* not one of the best quarters of the city. She requests an interview with me to-morrow at twelve o’clock, giving as her reason for “venturing to trouble me,” that she hears I am originally from England. Poor lady! I am afraid that she must be in distress of some kind. On referring to my BURKE, I find, under the head of “Osborne, the Marquis of,” the following entry:

“3rd son, Lord George Gustavus Osborne, m. 1801, Mary, daughter of John Morris, Esq., of Castlemorris, had issue one only daughter, Eleanor Gertrude Fitz-Eustace Osborne, born 1802, who

* The name of the Street is, unfortunately, not given.

married in 1827, Charles Osborne, Esq., her first cousin, by whom she has issue one daughter, Amelia, born July, 1829."

This, then, doubtless, is the lady whom I am called upon to visit.

* * * * *

Tuesday, February 2.—Ah! I wish that some of my English countrymen, and my adopted countrymen here, who abuse all the British aristocracy indiscriminately, would learn to know some of its members better before speaking. I have just been made acquainted with a very noble-minded woman belonging to that body.

To-day, on repairing to the place indicated, I found Mrs. Osborne located in apartments, which, though tolerably comfortable, must appear bare and cheerless to her after the splendour to which she has doubtless been accustomed. There were a few articles strewn about, however, such as jewels, work-boxes, albums, &c., which a woman seldom parts with, even in the decline of her fortunes. Mrs. O., herself, is a tall woman, with a remarkably fine figure, and though her hair is grizzled with sorrow, still retains the traces of beauty, and when she speaks, a sweet amiable smile plays over her countenance. I cannot resist the temptation to note down the outline of our conversation, in my diary, in order that I may

refer to it, at some future period, as a means of instruction to myself, and a lesson of self denial to those into whose hands it may chance to fall.

On my entrance, I found her in tears, but after a violent effort to maintain her composure, she spoke to me, as far as I can recollect, nearly as follows :

"I trust, Mr. Briggs, that you will pardon the liberty which I have taken, in requesting an interview with you, who are personally unknown to me. But I had heard so much of your goodness," and here she put in several compliments, which I do not think it proper to write down, as they are undeserved, "that I wished to consult you on a matter which has much harassed and perplexed me."

"Madam," I replied, "I shall be only too happy to be of any service to you. As a man, it would be my pleasure to aid with my counsel, as far as I am able, those who require it; in my official capacity, it is my duty."

"I thank you, sir, from my heart," she answered, "and it is no more than I expected. But, not to detain you, I must explain, in as few words as possible, the circumstances in which I am placed. I am, as you must know, the daughter of the late Lord George Osborne, and the present Marquis is my first cousin. Unhappily, differences have arisen between us—but that I

shall have to mention shortly. When my late lamented Charles departed this life, he left behind him a sum of eighty thousand pounds; fifty thousand to go to his daughter, on her attaining her majority (she is seventeen now), and the interest of thirty thousand, as a maintenance for myself during my life-time, and to defray the cost of Amelia's education, till her coming of age. Well, sir, you will say that we were well off—rich, in fact—richer, perhaps, than we ought to have been. But, alas! the thirty thousand pounds of which I have just spoken, were invested by my unfortunate husband, in American stocks, and other securities—and—and, the result may easily be anticipated.”

“You lost a portion of your income, madam,” said I.

“Nearly all of it, sir—nearly every farthing—scarcely anything was paid in the pound. And now, after struggling against privations and difficulties for a whole year, I came to the determination of writing to the Marquis, who is trustee for the fifty thousand pounds to which my daughter will be entitled in another four years. I received a reply from his lordship to the effect, that if I were willing to give up all control over my daughter, and send her to Castle Osborne, he would make me an allowance of five hundred a year, and provide for her suitably, under his own roof, during the re-

maining period of her minority. Now, sir, could I accept such a proposal?"

I scarcely knew what to reply, when Mrs. Osborne hurriedly continued.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that the Marquis had set his mind on a marriage between Guy, his second son, and my poor child. I objected strongly, because I thought she was too young, and he was not a fit husband for her. I knew, therefore, what was meant by sending her to Castle Osborne. She would be inveigled into a match, and the dear child's heart is, at the present moment, *wholly disengaged*. I have, therefore, sir, brought her over to America with me, to look after the little property that we have still remaining here, and to endeavour, for the next four years, to turn her accomplishments to some account. I thought that we might be doing something for ourselves, without being a burden to our friends, from whom, accordingly, I should wish our present position to remain a secret. Now, sir, I wish to ask you whether you think that I have acted rightly?"

"You have acted nobly, madam—you have acted nobly, Mrs. Osborne." I replied. And so, in truth, she has. I am engaged to preach at Williamsburgh, to-morrow, and, as I shall be passing her lodgings, I have agreed to call in again, when, I suppose, I shall see this Miss Amelia. Is she a good-looking girl, I wonder?"

* * * * *

Wednesday, February 3. I have just returned from Mrs. Osborne's, where I found Miss Osborne for the first time. The latter is a remarkably handsome young woman, tall, and with a fine figure. I should have taken her to be two or three-and-twenty, at the least, if her mother had not informed me yesterday of her real age. She looks very pale and delicate, of a morning, and has rather deep lines under the eyes, which her mother says proceed from a temporary indisposition, under which she is labouring. But she is, generally, remarkably rosy and robust. She has a peculiarity in her pronunciation, too, which arises, as Mrs. Osborne tells me, from her having been educated abroad—in Denmark, I think, she said. Two or three of our letters do not occur in that language, such as *h*, for example, which is the one that causes Miss Amelia the greatest difficulty, so that a superficial observer might imagine, from hearing her first sentences, that she was a low-bred person. But this impression soon wears off, and the little deviation from Johnson and Walker, which I have just noticed, and which she will soon get the better of, as she becomes better acquainted with English, only makes her appear more charming than ever.

I told Mrs. Osborne, that the more I had thought over the matter, the more I acquiesced in the propriety of what she had done. At the same

time, I pointed out to her the hardships which she would have to go through. But this excellent woman is prepared to make any sacrifice for the sake of principle, and seems to be rather thankful than distressed, that my opinion should coincide exactly with her own.

"I am afraid," said she, in the course of conversation, "that I am like all persons seeking for advice—that I only consent to follow it, when it is in accordance with my own preconceived ideas. For, even if you had recommended me to go back and accept his lordship's offer, I do not think that I could ever have brought myself to do it."

And Amelia quite acquiesces in her mother's determination. "Not all the wealth in the wide world should ever induce me to quit mamma," said she, in her pretty, broken accent. What a beautiful, what a touching instance of maternal solicitude, seconded, and, as it were, strengthened, by filial affection!

They will not be beggars, however, thank Heaven! A friend, resident in New York, who knew Mrs. Osborne in the days of her prosperity, continues to allow her a moderate fixed sum, and with that and the produce of the sale of her remaining jewels, she hopes to be able to battle on. Success attend her! This kind friend wishes, also, to have Miss Amelia with her at certain hours of the day, and also from nine to eleven in the

evening, when she can take her music lesson along with the young ladies of the house. In the remaining intervals, she will always be at home, under her mother's eye. I am invited to go and play my flute there, on Sunday evening, when the ladies are anxious to join in a hymn or two out of Dr. Watts's collection. I am to keep their situation and place of residence a strict secret. This is only quite natural and proper.

I think I *shall* take my tea there on Sunday, but we shall see.

* * * * *

Monday, February 8. I spent yesterday evening, according to agreement, with Mrs. Osborne; and the beautiful voices of mother and daughter, raised in pure devotion, still seem to ring before me. I don't know how it is, but I wasn't able to resist accepting another invitation to tea there on Wednesday night.

The recital of a little incident, which gave rise to some harmless fun and *badinage* amongst us, will serve to show the *naïve* simplicity and virgin innocence of that dear Miss Amelia. We were arguing on the Tractarian innovation of preaching in a white gown, when I was asked by Mrs. O. whether I ever, on any occasion, wore a *yellow* gown.

"No, madam," I replied, scarcely able to sup-

press a smile, "except it be in the morning, when I sometimes put on a dressing-gown of that colour."

She joined in my smile, as our eyes met. "Because," said she, "this young lady here——"

"Oh, pray, mamma, don't!" interrupted Miss Amelia, with a look of comical terror and the prettiest blush imaginable.

"Nonsense, my dear," pursued her mother, giving me a sort of half-roguish glance, as if to intimate that I was to join in the fun, "because this young lady here, Mr. Briggs, had a dream last night, in which—but, perhaps, my love, you had better relate it yourself to Mr. Briggs, hadn't you, now?"

"Oh, for shame, mamma! You know I did not intend you to say any thing about it," replied Miss Amelia; besides, it was only my nonsense. I did not feel quite well, that was all."

"Well, then," said Mrs. Osborne, with a droll assumption of solemnity, "I suppose that the task of narrating this truly extraordinary circumstance must devolve upon me. What do you think, then, of my being awakened from my sleep this morning, at about two o'clock, by a loud scream? Yes, by a loud scream," she continued, looking straight at me and then at Amelia, who was hiding her face in her handkerchief, and tittering bashfully—"of a certain young lady who shall be

nameless"—another glance at Amelia—"jumping out of her bed, and running up to mine, exclaiming, at the same time, that she had had such a horrid, horrid dream? What should you think of that, ey, Mr. Briggs?"

"Well, madam," I replied, joining in the laugh, though without the least idea of what was coming, "I should say that it was shocking, quite shocking, upon my word, Miss Amey," said I, putting on a pompous voice and manner, "What is this awful thing that I hear?" At which the little rogue, taking down her handkerchief, favored me with a sly little look, and then covered her face with it again, blushing and tittering anew.

"I asked this young lady, who shall be nameless," continued her mamma, "I asked her, as you may suppose, what this 'horrid, horrid dream' was all about? when she cried out in the most piteous accent, 'Oh, mamma, I fear some harm has happened to that dear kind Mr. Briggs that came to see us.' 'Why so, my love?' I asked. 'Because I dreant I saw him just now, in the chapel of Castle Osborne, in a yellow satin surplice, and—' No, my dear, it's no use frowning—'and three pair of slippers on,' I think she said."

"The young lady, whoever she was, was not so far out there, madam," said I, "for, to tell the truth, the ladies of my congregation have worked

me so many pair, that a man must be a perfect centipede to make use of one half of them. But pray," I continued, turning towards Miss Amelia, "is the circumstance of my having so many slippers on, suppose to bode me any harm?" "Oh, don't ask me anything at all about it!" said she, peeping from behind her pocket handkerchief.

"Stop a minute," pursued Mrs. Osborne, "I haven't done yet. 'Well, mamma,' said this young lady, 'I thought I saw a carriage and four drive up the nave, containing the Marchioness of Osborne, and my cousin Mary, and another clergyman also in yellow, and then they all went up to the altar, and Mr. Briggs was—mar—married by the other clergyman, to my cousin. Oh, how I cried to be sure!' There, that's what a certain silly girl, not a hundred miles from this room, woke me up, at two o'clock this morning, for the purpose of telling me, Mr. Briggs."

"Well, my dear madam," I replied, "it would indeed be a source of pleasure to me, to feel that any young lady whatever would condescend to dream of such a humble individual as myself. But when that young lady is—yet, stay, pardon me, what was there in the dream, Miss Amelia, that could lead you to suppose that any harm would befall me?"

"Why, don't you know," exclaimed Mrs. Os-

borne, "that foolish old nurses and women say these things go by contraries? Your being about to be married would no doubt be a bad sign, according to their nonsense. Some old nursery recollection made the little thing cry, no doubt; that's all. What else could there be? Come here and kiss me, my dear."

I have recorded the above conversation in my day-book, not on account of its containing anything extraordinary, or even worthy of notice, to any one else, but simply that I may look back, years hence, in my lonely bachelorhood, upon this page, and think that I once figured in the visions of a young and lovely dreamer. How artless, how simple, how confiding that youthful charmer is! How perfectly natural.—I am interrupted; but I think I shall go to tea there on Wednesday next.

* * * * *

Thursday, Feb. 11. To tea last night at Mrs. Osborne's, with Madeira, and a slight taste of hot brandy and water, afterwards. My emotions were so strong that I scarcely recollect how I got home last night; and this morning, on rising from bed, I found that I had forgotten to divest myself of my cloth-boots. Strong nervous emotions produce thirst, and this symptom I had too. I called on Doctor Gargle, in the Broadway. When I walked into his little back study, the doctor looked

uncommonly gloomy. I can guess the reason; the last time I called, was to see him about his contribution to the Timbuctoo mission. As soon, however, as I had informed him that I felt particularly ill, he cheered up and regained his usual jovial expression of countenance in an instant. On hearing my symptoms, he prescribed a simple course of soda-water for a day.

Afterwards, to Mrs. Osborne's, fearing that in my emotion I might have done something extraordinary there, last night. My reception was everything that could be wished, with the exception of the company of a foreign gentleman in moustaches and prunella boots, who sat next to Amelia, and who certainly played the violin beautifully, but whose presence I could not tolerate, I'm sure I don't know why. He never said anything offensive to me, nor I to him, and the only thing that he did during the whole evening was to play the violin, and to sit and talk quietly with Amelia—Miss Amelia, I mean—and what is that to *me*. Mrs. Osborne whispered me that he was a distinguished foreign poet—Meyerbeer, I should not wonder, or Lamartine, the translator of Shakespere. But genius is proverbially ugly, and this man was no exception to the rule.

It was some time before I took courage to bring up the subject of last night; and when, at last, I did, and Mrs. Osborne smiled, and Amelia blushed

and hid her face in her pocket-handkerchief, Lamartine, as I thought, looked rather fierce. At length, by dint of questioning, I found out that I had actually kissed Amey, and then indeed it was *I* that took to blushing, and blowing my nose, and covering my face with my bandanna. I stammered out some apology, at which the foreign poet laughed ironically (as I thought), and Amelia kindly, with a sweet glance at me, and the lady mother looked rather solemn and grave, much to my embarrassment.

Shortly after, I rose to take my departure, both Mrs. and Miss Osborne rising to bid me good night, but Lamartine retaining his seat on the sofa. No fresh invitation was given me; but, dear me, I must find some means of going there again. *Why*, I don't know.

In the course of conversation, to-night, Mrs. Osborne told me that she had been much annoyed at seeing in the English papers, that two women have been assuming her name for swindling purposes. This is what the English nobility are very often subject to.

* * * * *

Friday, March 26. I have not entered anything in my note-book for some weeks; I have not been able to do so. It would make me blush, to see the pure emotions of my soul put down in black and white before me.

Indeed, it would be impossible for me to do so. Such a whirl of ideas has been going on in my brain during that period, such alternations from happiness to misery, such universal bewilderment, that I have resembled one who is drunk—which, thank Heaven! I have never been. A marriage is about to take place, not just directly, but very soon. Although I am alone, yet I can scarcely bring myself to write down those two names—Matthias Briggs to Amelia Osborne. The affair is to be kept a profound secret.

When I contemplate my present position, I scarcely know whether to stand on my head or my feet. Husband to a lovely and accomplished girl! Prospective owner of fifty thousand pounds! what more could I desire? And, although there *was* considerable hesitation, on the part of Mrs. Osborne, before she would agree to the match, still that is not to be wondered at. It cannot be expected that a lady of high birth and connexions, although reduced to temporary indigence, should be ready to bestow her daughter, at first sight, upon a man of no birth or connexions at all. “Mr. Briggs,” said she to me, after communicating the decision which has made me the happiest of men, “I give you my daughter because you are a Christian and a gentleman. I shall offend many of her relatives—never mind that; I am consulting her own happiness. I give her to you, be-

cause you are a *Christian* and a *gentleman*," and, as her mother spoke these words, Amelia rushed and hid her sweet blushing face in my bosom. Oh, happy, happy, happy moment! Ye stars, whose ethereal course—(I am interrupted).

* * * * *

Saturday, March 27. A very singular circumstance has occurred to-day, shewing how we sometimes meet with an old familiar object, at the distance of thousands of miles from where we left it. Desirous of presenting some small token of affection to my Amelia, I wandered along the streets, without having decided upon any specific article as a *cadeau*. I looked in at the jeweller's stores, and gazed wistfully upon the cachmeres. At last, I came to an auction-room, where the effects of a Philadelphia merchant, deceased, were being sold. After a few articles had been disposed of, which were not suited for presents, a beautiful miniature was put up for sale, said to be by the celebrated Pinker, A. R. A., of London, and the subject of which was "Sarah rebuking Hagar." It was passed round among the gentlemen present, (many of whom grinned, as they looked upon the countenance of their common ancestress,) until at length it came to me. The moment it met my eye, I was struck with the resemblance which Hagar bore to my Amelia;

and the next glance showed me, that Sarah was the exact image of Mrs. Osborne. The more I looked at them, the more I was struck with the resemblance. After a spirited competition, I bought the miniature for one hundred dollars, and in the afternoon, hurried, with my prize under my arm, to my future mother-in-law's. "Here," I cried out, on entering, "I have something in my great-coat pocket, dearest Amelia, which will be an agreeable surprise to you."

"Indeed," cried she. "Oh, do let me have a look at it!"

"Stop, stop, you minx! You must know that it contains two faces, which strike me as being exactly like certain other faces; but whose those other faces are, I shall leave you to determine," and I held it up to her gaze.

My Amelia turned pale, and nearly swooned away, at the sight. At the same moment, Mrs. Osborne sprung from the easy-chair in which she was sitting, and, after a glance at the miniature, uttered a faint scream. I stood, astounded, and scarcely knowing what to say or think.

At length, after a pause of several seconds, Mrs. Osborne said, "Mr. Briggs, do not be surprised at our emotion. These are, indeed, portraits of my daughter and myself, taken in the characters of Sarah and Ishmael—I mean to say Hagar—under happier circumstances. It is one

of the last articles that I consented to part with."

"Indeed, Madam!" said I. "I bought it just now, at a sale of the furniture of a Philadelphia Merchant."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Osborne, weeping, "I sold it him myself. But, oh! how glad, how very glad I am that it has so singularly found its way back again into your hands, dear Matthias. What a great consolation it is to me, to think that it has found its way into your hands. What a consolation!"

"I didn't purchase it for myself, madam," I answered, "may I, therefore, venture to beg that my sweet Amelia will accept this picture, as a slight token of remembrance from her Mat?"

She was delighted, and we sealed the transfer with a kiss; but, somehow, a gloom hung, or seemed to hang, over the spirits of my lovely little cherub, and her mother, for the rest of the evening. I do not wonder at it, for the sight of an object connected with happier days invariably moves us to melancholy, and is the exciter of painful feelings.

I have, consequently, risen and taken my departure, earlier than is my wont.

* * * * *

Wednesday, March 31. I have just come in

from a delightful *tête-a-tête* with my duck, in whose society I have been spending every afternoon for some time. She still continues to be absent at certain hours during the day, and from nine to eleven in the evening. Mrs. Osborne says, that she is engaged in instructing the younger branches of Mrs. Howard's family—Mrs. Howard is the kind lady who allows Mrs. O. the annual sum. Anxious to recompense, in some sort, this good lady, Amelia has been unwilling to resign her duties till the last, and it is in consequence of having these and other duties to perform, that Amelia never walks about the town much with me. I quite approve of all this; it is thoughtful, it is delicate, it is christian. Tomorrow, however, will be the last day of her absenting herself; and, after that, I shall be able to see her at all hours. How glad I shall be!

My loved one looks more pale than usual, and the dark marks remaining under her eyes, seem to shew that, poor thing! she is still delicate. But what of that? Nature has underlined her eyes, to show that they are the most expressive feature in her face.—We enjoyed another of those delicious lover's conversations. We talked about London, and other things, in the midst of which, "Dear Matthias!" said my little cherub to me, laying one of her dark, raven tresses upon my cheek, and looking through my

grey eyes, with her own large swimming ditto, "dear Matthias, when we are married, shall we always—always live at New York?"

"Why, my love," I replied, "that depends upon circumstances. At first, I am afraid we must be moderate in our desires, and as for watering-places—"

"No! No!" said she, clasping my hand in both hers, "that's not what I mean, but shall you, I say, never try and get a church, somewhere in those delicious Western States, Ohio for instance, for the next four years?"

"Certainly, my love, if you prefer it."

The soft, pleading look which she threw upon me, convinced me that she would, (indeed, I know she hates New York), and I shall, therefore, make arrangements to leave my present church, immediately that I am married.

But it is of no use attempting to enter any more of my conversations with Amelia, in this book. Her *words*, indeed, may be written down, but how shall I seek to express that beautiful broken accent, which makes those words so charming, when uttered; that seeming *insouciance* about the aspirates, which (unless, indeed, it be the result of downright vulgarity) it will be a pleasure to me to notice in any lady's conversation. I don't think I could marry a woman who pronounced her *h's* openly, like a man. It

doesn't seem modest or becoming. It doesn't indeed.

Hurrah! to-morrow we fix the day for the wedding, which is to be kept strictly private—on account of that old grampus, the Marquis, and for other reasons.

* * * * *

Thursday, April 1. **UNDONE! UNDONE! UN-**
DONE! Ah, wretched me, that—

* * * * *

“Here, Gentlemen,” said our host, folding up the manuscript, “is the end of my cousin’s diary, the remaining sheets, if any were written, being wanting.”

“The end!” cried every one.

“The end of the whole matter. The last entry, if you recollect, of his interview with his beloved, bears date March 31. Two days afterwards—to wit, on the 2nd of April—he sailed for Borneo. After a length of time, we received, as I told you before, through the kindness of Father Concardeau, my cousin’s Roman Catholic colleague, these fragments, which I have just read to you. Endorsed on the back, were these few explanatory sentences :

Le malheureux M. Briggs, tombé entre les mains du terrible roi de Kancoongon dans la bataille du 19 d’Octobre, fut servi à table le

1^{er} du mois suivant. A ce qu'on prétend, S.M. et S.A.R. le prince Vent-du-Nord n'auraient jamais rien goûté de pareil. Tant même étaient ils contents de leur fricandeau à la Briggs, qu'ils parlaient de me faire rotir pour leur souper—moi, missionnaire ! catholique ! Français ! A la bonne heure, Messieurs les Brigands ! vous ne songiez pas que j'aurais la présence d'esprit et le courage de m'enfuir.

HERODOTE CONCARDEAU,
Missionnaire de L. C. D. J.

“ But was nothing more heard of these ladies ? ” asked the Englishman.

“ After we had read my cousin's Diary, we immediately set on foot inquiries, by which we learnt that Mrs. and Miss Fitz-Eustace Osborne were living in Ireland, whither they had, doubtless, returned immediately after the breaking off of the match. We wrote to them, and they had the hardihood to reply, that they had never been to New York in their lives. In the course of a very curt and unceremonious letter, Mrs. Osborne lamented that she had been annoyed by seeing in the English papers, that some persons had assumed her name, for the purpose of inveigling young men into promises of marriage, and then commencing actions against them. This, if you recollect, is the very observation that she had, before,

made to my cousin. What it had to do with our communication, I do not see. That is all that is known about the matter."

There was a pause of unsatisfied curiosity.

"The only faint glimmering of light which is thrown upon this strange mystery," continued, at length, our entertainer, "emanates from a friend of mine, who spent with my cousin the very last evening that he remained on American soil—the very evening before his unaccountable embarkation. Even his letter—which, I think, I have somewhere by me—goes to prove nothing further than that the two young men had partaken rather too freely of the juice of the grape, which I am surprised at in the case of my cousin, though not in that of my friend. I scarcely know whether this letter be worth reading—however—"

"Oh, let us have it, by all means," we cried, each one feeling assured that he would deduce some fact from it, which had escaped the attention of every one else.

"Well, here is the letter, then :—

"Bethlehem, Ohio, August 6.

"Dear Ahab,

"With regard to your cousin's sudden departure, &c., I am sorry I can give you no information. I supped with him, at his request, on the Thursday night. He then was in capital health and spirits, and seemed to have just parted from some one he was very fond of, though who he or *she* was I could not learn. We drank a good deal of Madeira,

and I thought your cousin was rather getting beyond the mark. I, therefore, proposed to go to the Bowery Theatre, which, for once, he consented to do. I am sorry to say he was there taken so uncommonly drunk, that I had to take him out and see him to the door of his boarding-house; since which, as you know, I have never set eyes on him. I hope your family are all well. Remember me to them. I hope your father has realized by the sale of his farm-servants.

“Very sincerely yours,

“NIMROD O. HAINES.

“To Ahab Briggs, Esq.,

“Elephantopolis,

“Kentucky.

“P.S. Just to show you how drunk your cousin was—after the drama of “The Fatal Oak,” there were some *pose plastique* exhibitions; a figurative representation of “Columbia chastising the British Lion;” “Ariadne on the Panther,” &c. Well, just as the curtain drew up, and Ariadne, clad in flesh-coloured tights, (a remarkably good-looking girl, by the way) was discovered sitting on the Panther, what do you think your cousin did? He stood up, and, shrieking out ‘Oh Amelia!’ fell back—I am sorry to write the words—*dead drunk*. Our citizens bellowed, “Turn him out!” from every part of the house; and, I assure you, the lady on the panther was so frightened, that the performances had to be stopped.”

There was a pause.

“Well, I think there is nothing to be made out of that!” said our host.

“And is there positively no other document,” asked the Englishman, “on which to found a surmise?”

“None at all.”

There was no use in staying there, racking our brains, all day long. So that the sitting broke up, amidst general disappointment that we had been unable to fathom the mystery. The Englishman, indeed, appears to have not yet given it up, for he has been heard to remark, that when he goes to New York, he shall make a point of inquiring after MRS. AND MISS FITZ-EUSTACE OSBORNE.

BALTIMORE.

I cannot say that Baltimore impressed me as favourably as the other cities which I had seen. It appeared to my eyes a formal red-brick place, enveloped in dulness—a dulness which not even the glowing accounts of its exports in tobacco, wheat, flax, and hemp, could dispel. But what formed its great staple of attraction was, that here, at all events, I should see human beings who belonged to other human beings. One felt a secret glow of pride and self-congratulation, when the reflection arose in the mind, that the black servant who showed you up to your bed-room—all that complicated machinery of legs and arms, bones and sinews—all that head, with the ideas (if any) which it was capable of producing—that all this might become as effectually and thoroughly your property, as the ring on your finger or the boots on your feet—by the passage, from your pocket into some one else's pocket, of a few torn, dirt-begrimed bits of paper called bank notes.

This delicious idea, that you are served by so many pounds, ounces, pennyweights, and grains

of human flesh and blood, not by so many sentient and intelligent fellow beings, lingers like a perfume about the hotel, and comes home to you again in the Entrance Hall, where a printed notice is hung up, to the effect that no coloured person (bond or free) can leave the town, without first depositing his papers at such and such an office, and taking a white man to be his surety. The antipathy of one race to the other is carried on, even long after the peculiarities which called it forth have been softened down by intermarriage, and disappeared with time. The following anecdote, which was told me by one of the very first gentlemen of the city, and alluded to by others as a perfectly well known and justifiable fact, speaks more than whole volumes.

My informant stated that, some time ago, a very good-looking and gentlemanly young man came on a visit to Baltimore. It was not exactly known of what state of the Union he was a native, but being introduced by one of the leading inhabitants of the place, he was soon welcomed into the first society. He was a universal favourite with the ladies, who admitted him, not only into their houses, but as the chosen companion of their rides and drives. After a time, it was whispered about that he was on the point of "declaring himself" (as it is called) to a young lady, a member of one of the most fashionable families in the

city; and there was no doubt, that if he gave satisfactory proof of being able to support her in a suitable manner, no opposition would be offered, on the part of her friends, to the match.

Suddenly the rumour arose (circulated, as it afterwards turned out, by a person who had known him elsewhere) that this young man had negro blood in his veins. It must have been an infinitesimal quantity, inasmuch as persons accustomed all their lives to note the peculiarities of the African race, had never even suspected the fact. "He was as white as you and I, sir," said my informant. Inquiries were instantly set on foot; and the rumour having been found to be correct, not only was he immediately banished from all society, and compelled to leave the city, but the vengeance of the fashionable circles fell upon the unoffending person who had been the means of introducing him, and who, it was supposed, must have known the facts of the case. In vain this gentleman pleaded that he had been as much taken in, as any one else, by the rascally impostor. He was not believed, and what was the end of the matter, as regarded *him*, my informant did not state, further than adding that he long had cause to rue his imprudence. He may, for what I know, have died (if guilty) the victim of remorse for his crime.

Mr. Dickens, if I remember rightly, speaks of

Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore, as the most comfortable one that he was in, throughout the whole of the United States. I venture to submit a diametrically opposite opinion, founded upon two trifling circumstances. Firstly, that, during the time of my stay, I was kept awake, from five till eight in the morning, by such a ringing and pealing of bells in the house, as would have been scarcely excusable on the plea of a victory over the combined forces of the world. Secondly, that in the concoction of drinks—I allude to sherry-cobblers and the other American drinks—the proportion of sherry is decidedly smaller, and that of water larger, than in any hotel of my acquaintance.

The leading features of Baltimore are the same as those of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. It is principally distinguished from an English town by the tall, green posts, planted in the earth at the edge of the pavement, in front of the shops, to hang awnings upon. Every third house is a Daguerreotyping Establishment, and every placard on the walls refers to Ethiopian Serenaders. Every man is an *outré* Parisian, and nearly every woman whom you meet good looking. There is a fashionable *quartier*, containing some of the best houses that I have seen in America; and a great deal of building, and lath-and-plaster enterprise, going on in different directions.

I went up one afternoon, after dinner, to enjoy

myself in the cemetery, which, I think, always forms a pleasant addition to the suburban recreations of a large town or city. Were I tottering on the brink of making myself happy for life with some adorable fair one, I would avoid taking her into a cemetery. There is a sense of total isolation from all that surrounds you, of being the only two creatures resembling one another, the only two endowed with life and breath, in that silent spot, which, by the very similitude which it creates, necessarily brings you more closely together, both in a moral and physical point of view. Accordingly, I was not surprised to see three or four couple of gaily dressed young persons sauntering along the gravel paths, and gazing (but without much apparent emotion) at the tomb-stones and inscriptions. But a few short days, and others might be telling the tale of affection over *them*. How uncertain is life! An old reflection—old as the first death that took place in this sorrowful world—perhaps, even as old as the hills, but likely to prove just as enduring!

The burial-ground had once formed a park or small domain; and the old house of its deceased proprietors, which had not yet been pulled down and cleared away, stood vacant and tenantless in the midst of the tombs. Those who had sold it, for the purpose of being turned into a cemetery, were, I was told, unable to keep it up, owing to

that partition of ancestral fortune rendered necessary by the laws, or, what is paramount to the laws, the popular voice of America. I could not help picturing to myself the history of this little domain, and comparing it with that of the pilgrims, who had at length found a resting-place within its tranquil precincts. I thought of it as it might have appeared in its infancy, long years ago, when the woods were first cut down, and the swamps drained off, when its very existence had to be protected from the inroads of the savage Indians, as the smiling innocence of the babe is guarded from the first pains and diseases which dispute, inch by inch, and step by step, the thorny pathway of life. And of its youth, when the log-cottage was up, and the seed was sown, and there were dreams of its fertility, which were, perhaps, never to be realized—hopes of gain, which were only indulged in to be blighted. And of its mature life, when happy faces beamed within its borders, when the crack of the rifle no longer broke in upon the merry meeting, and the sound of the axe had yielded to the voice of the maiden. And of its decrepitude and old age, when its hedge-rows were broken down, and weeds sprouted up in its paths, and the weather-cock, rusted over, was no longer true to the beck of the winds. And, last of all, of its after-life, more beautiful than all that had preceded, like the sink-

ing to rest of a good man, when, for every one that had toiled, and fumed, and fretted on it, there were hundreds lying happy and quiet now, when the entrance of each new guest into its hospitable shades was no longer greeted by the clinking of glasses and the shouts of merriment, but by the tears of love and the voice of hopeful praise.

I was aroused from these visions by an incident bearing the undoubted stamp of reality. The gentleman with whom I was walking, was kind enough to point out to my attention a tomb, with an inscription upon it, which I very much regret that I had no pencil with me to copy. It was, however, to the memory of some one who had been an affectionate husband and a kind father, as almost all deceased persons have been; and a copy of verses, inscribed upon the tomb, attested the fact that he had gone to a better world. I forget whether the phrase ran that "the saint had found refuge in the bosom of his God," but it was something to that effect. The only peculiarity was, that the date of his death was left blank; and, on inquiring the reason, I was told that he was not dead at all, but hale and hearty, living and carrying on business in the town of Baltimore. He is, I believe, a Scotchman, and has hit upon the idea of having this magnificent tomb erected, with what he conceives to be a suitable description in verse of his own virtues

and probable destiny hereafter, so that, when the breath is out of his body, there will be nothing to do but to pop him in, and to carve out the date of the event. It has been suggested, that this has been all arranged merely for the sake of an advertisement, for that persons on visiting the cemetery, and being shown the tomb, inquire, "Who is Mr. So and So?" The answer, of course, is, "Oh! he's an extensive ship-builder or copper-founder (as the case may be) in such and such a street." I can hardly suppose that any person would be so profane as this. But, under any circumstances, it is the most singular specimen of monumental taste that I have ever seen.

As the shades of evening drew around us, we returned, and it was with some difficulty that I found my way to Barnum's, the streets of Baltimore being execrably lighted, or, rather, not lighted at all.

AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

It not being my intention to spend any long time at Baltimore, I left, at an early period, for Washington. As the mode by which this journey was accomplished, may illustrate the difference which exists between the construction of railways in America and in England, I will say a word or two about it.

We were driven (my portmanteau and I) into a large open court-yard, which, on descending from the hackney-coach, I found to be something like the large yards of our great inns, in the old coaching times. Three or four lines of cars (the form and arrangements of which are, through books of travel, so perfectly well known) were drawn up side by side on rails, the yard not being long enough to admit of their being all in one line. My ticket taken, and my baggage deposited in the proper place, I took my seat, when, shortly afterwards, teams of very powerful horses were affixed to the different rows of cars, and they were drawn out of the court-yard into the street, along which rails are laid down, (as is also the case in many of the principal streets of New

York and Philadelphia). We travelled along in this way, like a row of gigantic omnibuses following each other, till we appeared to be getting into the outskirts of the town, when the team which drew the foremost car was taken off, and an engine affixed in its stead. The horses were in the same manner taken from the remaining cars which followed behind, and all being hooked together, off we steamed in one continuous line, transformed, as if by enchantment, from a row of lumbering old coaches, into the component members of a lively, rattling, clattering railway train!

The reason of this is obvious, and arises from the fact that the Americans, being a young people, have wisely considered it imprudent to erect magnificent railway approaches to their cities, knocking down substantial houses, and ruining the prospects of the shareholders, for that purpose. They have not yet produced a Hudson.* By the means they have adopted, you may take your

* Not only are the Americans deficient in a Hudson, but it is questionable whether any of their newspapers would venture to do what the *Standard* and *Morning Post* are now doing—viz; uphold the cause of a man whose case has already been pronounced upon by *all* parties, merely because he happens to be a member of *their* party. Carrying the principle further, I wonder very much, if Rush could have been shown to be a Protectionist, whether the *Standard* would have advocated his being pardoned. London, Nov. 21.

seat comfortably (in front of St. Paul's, as it might be), and when you have got clear of the main thoroughfares and into some quiet and unfrequented street (Harley Street, for instance), your horses are unharnessed, your engine is popped on, and off you go—(up Harley Street, across the New Road, through the Regent's Park, down the Alpha and Omega villas, and so, on your way to Birmingham).

In our country, we look upon a railroad as something apart, awful, different from a common road. There is a "no thoroughfare" appearance about it, unless you are in a first or second class carriage, drawn by an engine, doing the thing in a legitimate way. It is railed in, and fenced in, and walled in, and banked in, from the fields on each side; a body of a hundred horsemen, in full cry, experience a check when they come to it; intersecting roads and lanes must be either elevated out of reach of the formidable locomotive by means of a bridge, or carried beneath it by means of a tunnel. In some few cases where this does not occur, and you are permitted to pass across by means of gates opening on each side, it is only by first applying to a watchman or guardian, kept constantly on the spot, and residing in a neat gothic cottage built for his accommodation. Even then, you keep tight hold of the reins of your horse, and look on each side of you, as if you half

expected the enemy to appear, experiencing the same feelings on being safely landed on the opposite side, that a man does who has reached the surface of the water in a diving-bell, or walked across Lord's Cricket Ground, without being struck in the eye by a ball.

In America, the difference is amusing. *There,* ^x the iron trams are laid down, and, by consequence, the trains rattle on, straight across lanes, and roads, and thoroughfares, without any other notice to the persons who may happen to be walking or riding or driving on them, than "Look out for the locomotive," painted up on a board which is elevated on a high pole. You might be walking in a shady lane, of a dark night, unconscious that there was a line of railway within a hundred miles, and suddenly hear the engine turn in out of a field behind you, and see it whisk past you, or feel it go over you, according as you did, or did not, get out of the way in time. As for villages and country towns, it rattles right up their main streets, not unfrequently stopping at the door of the hotel, or in front of the church, by way of a station. On these occasions, you might sometimes shake hands with the people on each side of you, who stand at their shop fronts to see you go past. Once, indeed, being with a friend in a light "waggon," and finding by experiment that the distance of the rails a-part tallied with the width

of our vehicle, we continued to drive straight on, it being our shortest way to our destination. As I am on this subject, I have one word to say in reference to luggage. In England, a gentleman and his wife get in at Andover or Winchester, with the gentleman's carpet-bag and his wife's seven or eight articles of baggage. They are put on somewhere, half a mile in front. Arrived in London, amidst the hurry and bustle and confusion of people getting out, he is five minutes before he can reach the place where the luggage is being jostled about, and a disorderly mob are already clamouring around it. A genteel young gentleman may, meanwhile, with perfect impunity, have walked off with his wife's best bonnet; under all circumstances, he has to submit to a great deal of annoyance and inconvenience. In America, a check is affixed to each article, with a number on it, and your place of destination. Duplicates are handed to you. By this means, you may have to change your mode of conveyance several times in one journey, going from steamboat to railroad, and then into a steamboat again, (as is the case in coming from Philadelphia to Baltimore,) and yet labour under no apprehension. On your arrival, your baggage awaits you. You deliver up your check; it is found to tally, and your effects are handed over to you.

WASHINGTON.

Thanks to the descriptions of tourists, the general aspect of Washington is tolerably well known. The shadowy outline, or mere rudiment, of a city intended to have been filled up on a most magnificent plan; a long broad thoroughfare, with the capitol at one end, and the President's house at the other; Public buildings dotted about on each side; the cross streets, which intersect the main thoroughfare, looking very promising and populous in the distance, but when you come up to them, and look down them, discovered to terminate abruptly in an uncultivated field, or a dirty stable, or a deep pit—these are the well-known features of Washington.

With regard to the climate of this place, I may remark that I have heard two opinions expressed, one of which slightly differs from the other. According to the first of these opinions—mostly favoured by persons who are compelled, by business, to reside permanently in the town, especially hotel-keepers, Washington is allowed, on all hands, to be by far the most salubrious city in the *civilized globe*; sickness is amazingly rare—

so rare, indeed, that a man who died at all, would probably be suspected of suicide. According to the other opinion, the atmosphere is more prejudicial to health than that of any other city, town, or village in the known world. This is the opinion of the Baltimore shop-keepers, and of persons who, like myself, fall ill after they have been there a fortnight, and are glad to get away.

The day of my arrival being Sunday, the stores were all closed, and a decorous stillness reigned through the streets. Here and there, indeed, in front of an open door, three or four little black children (slaves), fat, happy, and well-provided for, might be seen gambolling about, with (a great surprise to me) their noses actually on their faces, unnotched as to the ears, and with no chains round their plump, healthy legs. And every now and then, under the wide portico of a hotel, a dozen or two of members of Congress caught the eye, as they sat reposing, after the labours of the week, in every conceivable attitude of ungracefulness, reeking with the odour of every known and unknown deleterious compound, whether in the shape of rum, brandy, snuff, cigars, or tobacco. I must confess, that I have never been more surprised in all my life, than at the appearance and manners of those members of Congress, to whom I have been introduced, or who have been pointed out to me.

The next day, I walked up to the capitol, where the two houses, the Senate and the Chamber of Representatives, were sitting. Slavery is the subject which has long occupied the attention of the former body, and, to bring it to a satisfactory solution, several measures have been proposed, none of which have, up to the present moment, been embodied in the form of a law. I was informed that, on this morning, the argument would be resumed on the "Fugitive-slave bill," a bill (as its name partly implies) to facilitate the recapture of slaves, who have made their escape into a free territory.

Before, however, going into the Senate, I determined to devote a short space of time to the Chamber of Representatives. With this view, passing through the vast circular hall, which forms the centre of the capitol, I gazed for a few moments upon the paintings which line the wall, and which represent (as is fitting) subjects connected with the history of the Nation. Among these, are to be found—The Declaration of Independence—Washington resigning his commission—The surrender of Burgoyne to Gates—and, the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

I do not know, with what kind of feeling the majority of Englishmen contemplate these paintings; whether with a generous pride, or an ungenerous dislike, or whether they are so

wrapped up in them, as works of art, as to lose sight of every other sensation, in one of unmixed admiration for the painter. For my own part, I confess, that I experienced a feeling of respect for those brave men who risked life and fortune to oppose the tyranny of a party, now happily defunct, but which, at that time, presided over the counsels of our revered and sagacious monarch. Nor, in coming to this conclusion, did the pictures themselves fail to afford me considerable assistance. For, on looking at them, I perceived that the English officers and soldiers of that day were a terribly ill-favored set of men, with countenances on which the worst passions were plainly imprinted; whereas, the faces of the Americans, on the contrary, were stamped with an expression of manly beauty, virtue, and intellect, which must have been indeed beautiful to behold—more especially, since these qualities are not so plainly written on the faces of their descendants. Probably, because, like any other inheritance (in the absence of primogeniture), by being split up into so many fragments, it is soon wasted away.

Passing out of this hall, by a side passage, into the Chamber of Representatives, you meet with a book-stall, where, for a trifling sum, may be purchased an admirable plan of the Chamber, with the seat of each member marked, and his

name affixed. By this means, you are never at a loss to know who is addressing the house.

I suppose it would be quite useless to note down the fact, that the deliberations of the lower house in America are held in a vast room, of semi-circular form, and that each member has a desk before him, as in the French Assembly. The accounts of a long string of travellers have, probably, left nothing untold, down to the size, weight and measurement of each hon. gentleman's spittoon; the number of representatives that had, and the number that had not, neckcloths; how many patriots sat with their high-lows off, and their feet up in the air; and how many "whittled" away the time that hung so heavily on their hands. This is a serious misfortune, that go where we will, there is sure to have been some meddling gossip beforehand, to forestall us; in the most out-of-the-way places, we find traces of our countrymen. In my summer excursion to Peking, for instance, I labor under the apprehension I shall find some half dozen of my namesakes teaching the Emperor billiards, and making memorandums of Court scandal. I have even walked along Vauxhall-bridge, and found myself not alone!

Pursuing, therefore, my usual plan, to record the impression made upon my own individual mind by certain well-known objects, rather than

to describe those objects themselves (which would be a waste of time, if not of talent), I will merely remark that, during this morning's proceedings, the House exhibited itself in the light of an orderly and well-conducted body, with no more noise and confusion, than seem inseparably attendant upon the deliberations of a popular assembly. The neglect of personal appearance, the downright filth of many of the members, does not strike one so strongly when looking down from the height of the gallery, as when brought into contact with them at the hotel, and the infusion of a number of gentlemanly representatives, from the older states, presents, every here and there, an oasis of white waistcoat and clean collar, in the midst of the desert of dishevelled heads, and shirt-fronts mapped by the running streams of liquid tobacco. One great advantage in this house is, that the members are allowed to read newspapers, or novels, or anything they like, during the debates, a privilege, which I am told, is not extended to members of the House of Commons. And yet, surely, where there are an Inglis and a Sibthorp, and an Anstey, so reasonable a relaxation should not be denied to the victim.

"We can all of us *talk*," is a remark which I have heard from more than one American; "a Yankee has always something to say for himself

—you never hear him at a loss for words.” My little experience, of this morning, confirms the observation. Of the ten or twelve persons whom I heard addressing the house, not one stuttered or stammered in the slightest degree; and considering the education which many of them must have received, it was surprising how few grammatical blunders were made—the most common one being our old anti-Lindley-Murray friend, the introduction of an extra negative. Thus: “It wasn’t *I*, Mr. Chairman, that didn’t ought to have said nothing about it. No, sir. It was *he*, sir, that didn’t ought to have said nothing.” However, this is perhaps hypercritical.

From the Lower to the Upper House is, in one sense, a short step. In another sense, it is an immeasurable distance. I mean, that the members of the latter assembly are a very different set of men from those of the former, owing their election, as they do, not to the horrors of universal suffrage, but to the choice of the Legislatures of their respective States. Chosen for a period of eight years, they are, to a much greater degree than the others, independent of their constituents, and speak their own sentiments on the floor of the Capitol, without pandering (more than just a little bit) to the taste of those who sent them there. They, consequently, present the aspect of an orderly, intelligent, and sedate body.

The galleries were not so full, this morning, as I had expected to find them. But, I am told that they are densely crowded whenever Clay and Webster are expected to speak. The absence, indeed, of the former at a watering-place, and the removal of the latter from the Senate, consequent upon his accepting office, deprived me of all chance of hearing a first-rate speech. But there were still a few men in the Chamber, upon whom I could not help gazing with some degree of interest, knowing, as I did, that they occupied a prominent place in their country.

The remarkably gentlemanlike and good-looking man, who occupied the chair, was, I perceived, on reference to my plan, Colonel King of Alabama. When the post of President of the Senate became vacant, by the elevation of Mr. Fillmore to a still higher position, the members unanimously elected Col. King as his successor. He most assuredly does great credit to their choice, for a more polished or urbane man I have seldom seen. The only circumstance which suggested a doubt as to the propriety of the selection, was his youth; he appeared to me, looking from the gallery across the Chamber, to be about two or three and thirty years of age. I should have been nearer the mark, as I was afterwards informed, if I had put him down at sixty-five. So that Palmerstons are not indigenous to England, but grow in other countries of the world.

I was anxious to catch a glimpse of General Cass, believing, as I do, that he is likely to fill the Presidential chair; and knowing that, if such should be the case, war between England and the United States will be the order of the day. It was not long before he waddled in, and sat at the desk marked with his name. Of course, one naturally expected that so great an enemy to England, would be a man of a most repulsive and fiend-like expression of countenance; Providence, however, does not seem to have acquiesced in this arrangement with regard to the General, but has made him a very fat, affable, good-tempered old gentleman. He gives me the idea, indeed, of an old country squire, who, grown too corpulent for fox hunting, has betaken himself entirely to port. Nor can I picture to myself any situation in which General Cass would look more out of his element, than in a battle.

That great unwieldy man, who is now stepping up to the President's table, to deposit some papers on it, is the notorious Colonel Benton, "the great Missourian," an ornament to the Senate, according to his friends,—but an ornament which, I am happy to say, will be broken off at the next general election.

A very interesting member of the house, and a very rising speaker, is M. Soulé, of Louisiana, a native of Marseilles, in France, who has emi-

grated to the United States, and obtained a place in the legislature. He has a strong foreign accent, but expresses himself in English remarkably well. In a "passage of arms" lately, with Henry Clay, he is allowed to have got the better of that veteran orator, having managed to keep his temper (a rare thing for a Frenchman) throughout the debate, while his adversary was not so fortunate.

An enormous mop of gray hair, from which a broad-brimmed straw hat has just been dislodged; two great hands passed, at short intervals, over the aforesaid mop of hair, in order to make it more dishevelled and entangled than before (an impossibility); a red merry good-humoured countenance, that it does one good to contemplate, and a cheerful voice to correspond—these are symptoms indicative of the presence of Judge Butler, the Senator for South Carolina, a man of great learning and erudition, and a leader of the Southern party. I had the good fortune, afterwards, to meet the Judge, at dinner, and can testify to his great social acquirements. His anecdotes of cases that had come before him in his Judicial capacity, were among the best things that I have ever heard. Let any one, who wishes to commit a crime, emigrate, in order to stand a chance of being sentenced to death by so good-natured a Judge.

Another eminent Senator and Orator, and learned Judge, is Mr. Berrien, of Georgia, formerly Attorney-General under President Jackson, —a very pleasing and gentlemanly man. Notwithstanding this, on the first occasion that I saw him, I experienced a degree of awe, which would not permit me to feel at ease. This arose from his resemblance to Dr. Hawtrey, of Eton, a divine with whom I have, in my time, enjoyed many interviews of a private nature, in a certain little apartment opening into the upper school-room. At the sight of features which recalled those well-known ones to my view, I was again in the fourth form, “Smith is to stay” reverberated in my ears—.

The time would fail me to tell of all the eminent men who occupy places in the Senate. It must be a consolation, however, to our Peers and Members of Parliament, to know, that there exist in the two houses of Congress, some most awful bores. These gentlemen, (amongst whom I have heard Messrs. Foot and Hale honorably mentioned) of course speak upon every motion, and have various ways of exhibiting their folly, and wasting the public time, although I have not heard that any of them have hit upon the bright idea of introducing religion into every discussion. With the communication existing between the two countries, this may soon be looked for.

I went into the gallery, purposing to stay there throughout the whole day, but the heat becoming too intense, and the speeches delivered not presenting any extraordinary points of interest, I was glad to walk out again. Going down stairs, I could not help remarking the propriety of throwing open to the public, the great Council of the Nation. I have, at this moment, no more idea as to what steps it is necessary to take, in order to get into the British House of Commons, than I have of the number of burial grounds in the City of London. That you have to do something very mysterious and troublesome, I am well aware—but whether you have to wait upon some chief secretary of some board of black, blue, or green cloth—or some officer of some sort of wand or stick—or whether you have to swear an affidavit before some alderman or bench of magistrates, that you will do some extraordinary thing (keep awake, for instance, when you once get in)—or whether you can't get in at all—on these points, there is not one man in ten, who can give any information. And yet, surely, the galleries might be thrown open to the public, in the same manner as those of the Courts of Law.

WASHINGTON (CONTINUED.)

I remarked in the last chapter—and, of course, any American who gets hold of this book will see, from the very remark, what a contemptible, libellous book it is—that I thought the House of Representatives rather a dirty body. I am sorry to say that the more I recall to mind the impressions which I received, the less do I feel willing to modify the epithet into a milder one, such as “slightly indecorous,” “not quite so polished as one might have expected,” and the like, which expressions, by the way, generally imply a great deal more. It is best at once to say what one means, and I think my meaning is tolerably conveyed by the word *dirty*. My hotel was full of these legislators. They poked their heads into every conceivable sitting-room, smoking-room, and bar; they whittled in the hall; they scratched their heads in the peristyle; they grunted in remote passages. The odour of their chewing-tobacco mingled with the sauces coming into dinner, and was wafted through the keyhole, as you turned round sick and restless in your bed,

and sought in vain, in the hot atmosphere, to get a wink of sleep.

This is not all. These individuals—and, I am sorry to say, many of the senators into the bargain, —frequent the low, dingy bars. You meet Chief Justice Somebody, and he requests you to come in and take a “julep” with him. Your introduction to General some one else is a signal for glasses of brandy-and-water all round. There seems to be nothing analagous to a London Club, where a gentleman, if he feels inclined for a bottle of wine, or even for a tumbler of whiskey, may take one or the other, at all events, in a respectable way.

For this reason, I am of opinion that the Englishman who, by the wishing cap of Fortunatus, or some other fairy process, should be transported at once to Washington, without passing through the intermediate stages of Boston, New York, and the other cities, would form a lower estimate of the manners of the American people, than subsequent experience would justify. “If this be the flower of your nation,” he would exclaim, “if these be your Clarendons, and Russells, and Palmerstons, what *must* your middling classes be?” But in this he would make the mistake, which nearly all his countrymen who have visited the United States, have made before him. Congress is not the flower of the nation; I would rather compare

it to the root. If it withered, stalk and all would wither with it. But we never press it to our lips; never admit it to our drawing-rooms; never so much as touch it without washing our hands after the operation.

To make my meaning clearer—which, I think, is sometimes best done by reverting to England, and considering how the same, or similar institutions to those which we discuss, may happen to stand there—take the case of the British Parliament. With the exception of certain manufacturing members, they are essentially an aristocratic body. It is the wealthy landed proprietor, the younger son of the great peer, the successful barrister, the opulent merchant, who almost entirely monopolise those two talismanic letters of the alphabet, M and P. The hope of one day getting into this august assembly, stimulates a great many people in a great many different ways. It redoubles the energy, and makes still paler the pale cheek of the law-student, shivering over his “*Fearne*” by the midnight lamp; it calls up an endless succession of extra good-humoured smiles and nods, from the burly fox-hunter; it opens the pocket of Mr. So-and-So, the merchant; it drives Lord Gustavus Some one else, for once in his life, to a book or a newspaper. The writer of this humble volume does not attempt to disguise the joy which he would experience, if to-morrow

morning's post brought him word that he was returned by a large constituency. In such a case, in his ecstasy, he might say and do many things which it would be better to wait until he was fairly in the House before saying and doing—in a word, he might make himself very silly and ridiculous on the spot.

But whence all this eagerness, this hankering after the post of legislators, this thirst to be engaged on the business of the nation? I except the case of one who, either with commanding talents, or with a relationship to the Grey or Elliot family, goes in with the certainty of becoming a Cabinet Minister. But the reader and I, who, possibly, never walk a greater distance than from our chambers to our chop-house and back again, who are snoring comfortably in bed by eleven, and up again at half past six, who could not speak five consecutive words without stammering, who know nothing about financial operations—what should induce us to change our comfortable position, for one in which we should have to snatch hurried scraps of sleep in a large, badly-ventilated room, and be pricked, and pinched, and kicked up as late as two in the morning to register our vote upon some bullion, or deceased-wife's-sister question; in which our mornings would be divided between listening to dry railway details, and receiving infuriated constituents, to whom, of course,

we should have made all sorts of lying promises? What should induce us to do this?

Love of distinction would induce us to do this, and a great deal more. By becoming Members of Parliament, we rise from our insignificance into public life; we become public men; we gain a *locus standi*, as well as a seat; it is our object to sit in the one, and to stand in the other, as long as we can. Our names soar up to the top of subscription lists, with the two magical letters tied to the end of them, like a tail. Good dinners are ours—not paid for by ourselves, but given us by people in Baker Street and Finsbury Square,—and we like good dinners. Our appendage acts like Grimstone's eye-snuff upon the vision of some of our friends, who used always to be rubbing those organs with a pocket-handkerchief as we passed. They no longer rub them now; they see us. I should electrify my little chop-house in the Strand, where I now sit down to the joint without making any manner of sensation, if I were one day to stalk in as the Member for Gutterborough. "Did you see that gentleman sitting at No. 7, sir?" the waiter would ask, as soon as I had left. "That is none other than Mr. Such-a-one, the Member of Parliament." And he would begin telling lies about me. These are the considerations which draw the sportsman from his hounds, the Scot from his manufactory, and the

Irish prince (if he had his rights) from his mud castle, and pop them all down a heterogeneous mass within the walls of St. Stephens.

In America, the case is entirely different. There, the rich merchant, or the barrister in good practice, or the man of wealth and influence, in such cities as New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, would, by accepting a seat in the legislature, be making as great a sacrifice for the good of his country as I should, by refusing one, for mine. To appreciate this, only consider the consequences which, in that great Republic, accrue to the victim who suffers himself to be dragged down from private into public life. He leaves his comfortable house in New York, or his villa on the Hudson, the elegant society by which he has been surrounded, and (dearer than all) the privacy which he has hitherto enjoyed. What does he get in exchange? He is compelled to reside in a miserable, unhealthy, unfinished town, for nine months in the year, without any objects of interest around him, without recreations of any kind, without any society to speak of. He is forced to drop his "aristocratic" airs, and to stand up and drink a cocktail with any drunken constituent who pursues him to the bar of his hotel. He is forced to sit next to, and to converse familiarly with, persons whom he has hitherto only read of in newspapers and novels, as we read of the "Tipperary

boys"—savages from Iowa and Wisconsin, whom the unsettled populations of those districts have sent up to represent them—stump-orators, who have not won their places by underhand dealing, by bribery and corruption, but have rushed in upon their opponents, and gouged them, like men. When he goes back, he finds that his house is no longer his own. Nothing is his own. He himself no longer belongs to himself—he belongs to the people. All day long, he is employed in shaking hands with Generals and Judges, and other dirty persons. As for any credit attaching to the position of a member of the Lower House, I should think it must act rather as a bar to your introduction to decent society. You are a delegate, not a representative—a flunkey, not a man. A constituency of so many thousands meet and proclaim, by a majority of so many hundreds or thousands, that such and such are their opinions. “Now, then, who’ll carry our opinions up to Washington? Come, the place is vacant. Who offers himself for the plush and shoulder-knot?” or, “Who’ll be our errand-boy?” “Please, gentlemen, I will,” cry half-a-dozen. Homer Smith, or Artaxerxes Brown, or Nahum Robinson, as the case may be, is the chosen one. “Now, sir, you go up and deliver this parcel, and mind what you are about, do you hear?” You have twenty-thousand masters. You are servant-of-all-

work to a vast constituency, with every individual member ringing his bell for you at one and the same time. Respectable men will not, for the most part, accept this kind of position. They prefer looking on.

It is for this reason, that the personal appearance and manners of the Representatives form but an unimportant consideration. They work harder than our Members of Parliament, and (if possible) do less. This, as it seems to me, is all the better for their country, which, like a growing child, requires to be wrapped up, and swaddled round, with loose clothing; not bound up and cramped, and sweated down, under an overwhelming vesture of absurd laws and institutions. If they will but leave matters alone for a little while, without attempting to "reform the act, to amend the act, to reform the poor-law," or "to facilitate the erection of lamp-posts by a bill," the country will work out its own destiny without their interference. But when the country *has* worked out its destiny, and attained to the splendid position which it is one day to occupy, I cannot help thinking that it will require a differently constituted body, to grapple with the questions which may, which indeed *must*, arise in an older nation.

I hope, by the bye, that the information which I received from a gentleman in Philadelphia, with respect to state-legislatures, may be a mistake.

According to this gentleman's statement, the members, in addition to their wages, pocket a great many gratuities for their votes on private bills, there being a regular trade in this kind of article, and three or four well-known members acting, by common consent, as agents between the representativebody and its customers. You are tired of your wife, for instance, or you are desirous of realizing a little on the prospectus of an impossible line of railway. You seek out one of these gentlemen, and give him so many dollars, to be distributed at his discretion. He acts as the go-between, and manages the affair for you. Whiz ! presto ! you are in a situation to marry your Keren-happuch, or to rise to higher estimation among your fellow-citizens by being the founder of a great scheme. I hope the gentleman lied.

It is worth observing, too—when a man gets upon political topics, there is no stopping him—it is worth observing the different impression produced in your mind, in England and America, by one and the same word, the word "Government." I am not about to indulge in a comparison between the Republican and the Monarchical forms of Government ; such a discussion would ill suit these trifling pages, and, indeed, would be rather stale anywhere. What I mean to say is this. When you hear of Government doing so and so—Government is about to erect a Lunatic

Asylum in Downing Street—Government is on the point of increasing our steam navy—Government will scarcely permit this and that—Bob has got a situation under Government, and so on, what do you understand? You lose, don't you, all idea of any particular person, such as Russell, or Wood, or Palmerston? They are merged in the notion of a collective body, solemn and mysterious, holding its deliberations somewhere—at Windsor, or in Downing Street, or in Chesham Place—perhaps, nowhere at all, but arriving at a determination, by communicating with each other through the medium of the penny post. Does the Queen say anything? What does H.R.H. do? Does he sometimes favour us with a law on real property or Irish affairs, on the sly, just as, openly, he has conferred upon us the boon of a national exhibition? When we, of the middling classes, have one of the ministers pointed out to us, rolling down Whitehall in his carriage, or rattling up Rotten Row on his cob, we look upon him with an undefined awe, as a being quite separated and apart from ourselves. What is he thinking about now? Pray, Heavens! he may not be about to tax me! A veil of mystery enshrouds that man. I shall, perhaps, never see him again—I shall only feel him. If I wished to see him, how many ushers, clerks, rods, wands, passages, and waiting-rooms, should I have to undergo, before looking upon his august face!

Now, at Washington, the smallness of the town, and the absence of ranks and grades, and the tiny space in which business has to be transacted, brings home the idea of Government to the bosom of every one as a familiar and well-known object. We can almost *see* the ordinary springs by which the political machine is put in motion. We may sit next to the Secretary of War at dinner, every day at our hotel; we walk about arm-in-arm with the Secretary of something else; we hob-a-nob with a third great man; we take our evening cigar with a fourth. We meet them at dinner in little back-kitchens, and see basins of broth sent out to them.* They are but *men*. There is no more mystery hanging over their deliberations, than there is over those of the vestry, in a country town. We are as familiar with the every-day life of the Prime Minister, as we are with that of the Mayor. If I want to talk on business with the highest personage in the country, I knock at the door, ask if Mr. Fillmore is at home, and, if he is, put down my pipe and walk in.

* At Washington, it was my good fortune to be twice asked to the house of a gentleman, to meet some distinguished Senators. The weather being warm, we dined in the kitchen, which, from its being underground, was cooler than the apartments above. I merely mention the circumstance to explain the above sentence, which would, otherwise, be unintelligible. As for the dinner itself, the hospitality of our entertainer would have made it a delightful one, anywhere.

Happening to pass a bookseller's shop, in one of my daily walks, I stepped in and inquired if they had a copy of Mr. Dickens's "American Notes." There were three or four gentlemen in the shop, at the time. The man replied "No." Some staring publication—I think one of Reynolds's chaste works of fiction—chancing to arrest my attention, I staid a few moments, until the other gentlemen had made their purchases, and taken their departure. I was about to ask for some other book, when the shopman interrupted me by saying "We *have* Mr. Dickens's book, sir." "Why, you told me you hadn't it just now." "Well, sir, I think this is the only place where you will get it. I didn't like to say I had it, when the others were standing by. We are rather a thin-skinned people here, that's a fact." And, in effect, he brought out one of those delightful reprints, which, for about sixpence sterling, give you the produce—the hard-earned, hard-wrought produce—of months (sometimes years) of toil and labour, on this side of the Atlantic.

I have generally heard Mr. Dickens's work spoken of, in the United States, as a malicious calumny from beginning to end ("I should advise him not to set his foot on this side of the water again," said one gentleman to me.) In England, it is generally considered to be inferior to his other works. I shall not set up as a critic in the

matter, but, as for its *truth*, as far as my observation went, there can be no manner of doubt. I suspect it only requires a visit to the Western States, to verify, in like manner, the exactitude of his observations among the barbarians there. Elijah Pogram is, certainly, a less exaggerated portrait of a Member of Congress, and Ephraim Scadder, of a low man of business, than Tony Weller is, of a London coachman, or Ned Cuttle, of a merchant-captain. It is a very great mistake to suppose that these American portraits are over-drawn.

But this sensitiveness to the remarks of foreigners is to be regretted; this thin-skin is a skin which ought to be cast, as soon as possible. If a foreigner—more especially a foreigner who had made his reputation by writing humorous works—were to visit England, and on his return to his own country, amused his countrymen by an account of our roughness and incivility to strangers, our truckling and subserviency to those above us in station, the savage state of our rural peasantry, our total want of taste as a people, and other salient points in our national character, I am sure that I for one should feel vastly obliged to him, and read his book (if it were a good one) with a great deal of interest. I can even sit beside M. Ledru Rollin, at the *table d'hôte* of the *Sablonsière*, without the slightest desire to introduce *my thumbs* into his eyes and tear them out.

This excessive sensitiveness does not stop short at the works of foreigners, but includes also the remarks of native authors and satirists. "Oh, you are wrong there, sir," said an American gentleman to me; "our satirists (the greatest in the world) laugh at the fashionables of New York and Philadelphia, just as much (though with greater ability and humour) as your satirists do at the great folks in London." "Exactly so, because your poor 'fashionables' are quite powerless here. To place themselves on a level with the English satirical writers, those of your country should direct their shafts at the prevailing abuses—not at snobbishness, but at coarse, vulgar independence—not at the aristocrats, but at the sovereign people. They would not dare do that." "Well, I guess the experiment might be hazardous in some places, certainly." "Then you cannot deny that there is an excessive sensitiveness in this part of the world." "Well, this is a great country!" This is generally the end and conclusion of every discussion with an American.

The English traveller can never be told of a great man or a great monument, in the neighbourhood, without feeling a desire to stare at the one, or to cut up his name on the other. True to the national instinct, I determined to look in upon the President, and refresh him with my converse

for half an hour or so. He lives, as is well known, in a mansion called the "White House," a fine building, surrounded by what auctioneers would term "park-like paddocks," which do not, however, appear to be very neatly kept up. Nor can this be wondered at, when we remember that their most gracious Majesties the Sovereign People have not condescended to allow their humble servant, the President, a greater sum by way of annual stipend or wages—they are "board-wages," by the bye—than would amount to the income of an English squire.

I shall not mention how many servants Mr. Fillmore has got, nor relate what somebody told me that Mrs. Fillmore once said to Miss Fillmore, nor give an account of certain private circumstances, hitherto not known, about Mr. Fillmore's maternal great-grandfather—for I do not wish to come into competition with Mr. N. P. Willis, whose noble genius has made this style of narrative quite his own. Suffice it to say, that the President is a most agreeable and gentlemanly person. The gentleman who had been kind enough to charge himself with my introduction, being a resident at Washington, and a personal friend of Mr. Fillmore's, we did not confine ourselves to the ceremony of saying a few words, and then departing, but strolled about the house and the garden. Returning into the room after

one of these excursions among the flower-beds, I caught sight of a party in the act of being introduced to the President. One was an old lady, old enough to have conversed with every President, from Washington to the present time. I remarked that when her turn came, she took Mr. Fillmore's hand in hers, and, raising it respectfully to her lips, and holding it there for a few seconds, shed tears. There was something infinitely more pleasing and agreeable to my mind, in the affectionate manner in which this old lady greeted the Head of her country, than in the vulgar assurance and "I'm as good as you" kind of expression, which floated in on the brown hats and dirty stockings of some of the other odious fellows. But she was born, no doubt, before these high-flown ideas of modern independence had come into vogue, before people had lost all manner of respect for everything and everybody (including, very often, themselves).

I do not know, indeed, which is the more painful sensation of the two—to hear a London lady talking to her footman as if he were a dog, while he, too, fully carries out the idea, by cringing, and fawning, and, so to speak, wagging his tail before her, like the most abject of shaved and fattened poodles—or to be exposed to the beastly insolence and filthy familiarity of American car-drivers, coachmen, and steamboat employés. Perhaps the

former is theoretically the more disagreeable, as the latter is in practice.

As we came out of the house, and saw fresh parties of men and women arriving to shake hands with their Ruler, one could not help contrasting this state of things with the idea of Deioces, the founder of the Empire of the Medes, who actually shut himself up in his palace, for fear that the very sight of him, in the streets, should breed familiarity and contempt among his subjects. What would the poor old gentleman say—if the particles once constituting his earthly body, could be contributed, for the occasion, by the parties now in possession of them—if he could be revived and made to witness the crowds hurrying in, to wring the arm of their chosen one from his shoulder! Let us be thankful that we are not among the rulers, but the ruled.

A CAMP MEETING.

I had often felt a desire to be present at one of those Camp Meetings, of which we read in the life of Dr. Adam Clarke, and other entertaining books, but had not, hitherto, met with an opportunity of gratifying the wish. It was with pleasure, therefore, that I saw hanging to the walls of the hotel, a printed announcement, to the effect, that one was about to take place in Virginia, at the distance of eight or ten miles from Washington. Omnibuses, and every kind of vehicle, were to be in readiness, to convey the believer to the scene of action. I preferred, however, riding on horseback, and, accordingly, sent round to one of the livery-stable-keepers of the town, to order an animal, adding, at the same time, that as I might choose to stop at the meeting till rather late, and the accommodation for horses might prove deficient, I should not be wanting anything very spirited, thorough-bred, or Arabian, but should be content with a plain serviceable nag to do the work.

Nothing could be more touching than the

beautiful manner in which the stable-keeper fell in with one clause or section of the message, for, assuredly, the old chestnut mare which was led up to the door, could have passed for an Arab nowhere but on the stage, where, I suppose, a racer might be played by a cart-horse, in the same way that we sometimes see a man, who leaves out his aspirates, in the part of a duke or a king. I am inclined to believe, that this quadruped was afflicted with every disease which horse-flesh may be heir to. A side-way view to the right, or the left, was terminated in the prospect of a broken wind; in front, was the *coup-d'œuil* of broken knees; curb revealed its presence, behind, by an immense enlargement of the hock, which protruded, and hung out, from the rest of the frame, like a huge ribstone-pippin in the trousers'-pocket of a schoolboy. It appeared to me, as I moved down the street, that two or three dogs eyed my steed with a hungry, and myself with an angry, look, as if I were hurrying off with a morsel which ought, by this time, to have found its way into their mouths. Perhaps, Buena Vista entertained the same idea, for, about this time, she gathered up her legs under her, and struck out with them in all manner of directions, a motion which (allowing some degree of latitude), I construed into a desire to trot.

The Potomac, which divides the district of Co-

lumbia, in which Washington is situated, from the neighbouring State of Virginia, is crossed by a wooden-bridge, of such extreme length, that it seems as if you were never destined to get upon the hard road again. Every now and then, a large space, left open by the falling away of a rotten plank, reveals a distinct view of the river beneath, and great care is necessary in dodging round the holes and fissures made by time, in this very long, if not very high, work of art.

It was a beautiful summer evening in which I rode on, and the rays of the departing sun glanced upon the woods which interposed themselves, every now and then, as if to swallow up the road along which I trotted uneasily to my destination; upon the fences, built up of rude logs, piled curiously one above the other; and upon the comfortable farm-houses lying on either side of the way. Sometimes I met a party returning from the Camp, and looking as unlike devotees as it is possible to imagine; not unfrequently, I fell in with cartloads of negro labourers, returning from their work in the fields. These, too, were most unseasonably merry, exchanging jokes with me as they passed, chaunting forth songs, and altogether devoid of that appearance of misery and anguish, the recital of which fills the mouths of the orators, and empties the purses of the listeners, in Exeter Hall. It was a fearful thing, to think that these

beings were so insensible to the blessings of liberty, that, though deprived of it, they could, nevertheless, eat and drink, and grow fat, in contradistinction to the Essex labourer, who enjoys the great boon, and enjoys—I am sure I do not know what else besides.

There is an institution prevalent upon this, and perhaps upon other roads, the advantages of which I have not yet been able to perceive or to master. It is met with, at intervals of about a quarter of a mile, and consists of two or three logs, or sometimes planks, thrown across the way. The obstacle, not being high enough to leap over, nor low enough to walk over, is calculated to endanger an already not very well established equilibrium, and to act like a rabbit-warren upon the nerves of the timid equestrian. I confess that I was not sorry when the sight of a flag, waving on the top of a high pole, in the outskirts of a thick wood, which bordered on the road, gave indications that I was in the vicinity of the Camp meeting. Finding, on enquiry of a party who were standing hard by, smoking cigars, that my surmise was correct, I plunged into the wood, by a narrow path, in much the same way as, with the hounds, we go into cover. A short ride brought me to a booth, where wines and liquors were to be sold. About a quarter of a mile further on, I arrived at a temporary stable,

constructed by the piling up of logs, whence, dismounting, and leaving Buena Vista to the care of a negro ostler, I pursued my way till I came upon a large open space in the wood, where the temporary location of the meeting had been fixed upon.

The scene which now presented itself to my eyes, was as novel and curious to me, as it would, no doubt, have been familiar and delightful to a follower of Wesley or Whitfield. In every direction, tents and booths had been erected, giving one the idea of Greenwich fair transported into the midst of the New Forest. In some of these tents, large parties were refreshing themselves after the devotions of the day, while, at a little distance from the entrance, and suspended over a crackling fire of furze and dry wood, the innocuous kettle hissed and sung. From others, vast multitudes of men, women and children were pouring forth to the temporary pulpits which had been put up for their edification, and from which the loud-mouthed preacher was scaring away the racoons and the opossums, more effectually than the evil one. There was, besides, a goodly assemblage of persons who appeared to have been brought there, like myself, from a feeling of curiosity, and some who, it was plain, had even a worse motive for coming. Mingled with all this devotion, was a certain Aristocracy of Religion,

which had taken care that there should be a special part of the encampment set apart for the negroes, and separated from the rest. The black members of the sect had, accordingly, *their* tents, and *their* preachers, and experienced the workings of the spirit, and were turned from earth to heaven, at a convenient distance from the whites.

I approached one of the temporary pulpits, in front of which a small space had been railed off, destined, I suppose, for the accommodation of *bond fide* members, and at the entrance to which, two presbyters, or deacons, kept watch like dragons. The interior of this space was packed close with an attentive congregation, consisting of men on the one side, and women on the other. Many of the latter were conspicuous, amidst the dull light of the tallow candles, for the tawdriness — of their costume, and the profusion of rings, necklaces and bracelets with which they were embarrassed. A chorus of three or four stalwart bumpkins, who had probably vindicated to themselves, by their superior strength of lung, the conduct of this part of the service, were vociferating a hymn, which must have effectually warned any demon of taste off the premises; the remainder followed the words, and—as far as was possible—the tune, in a lower tone of voice. When this part of the service had been concluded, one of the spiritual directors knelt down to offer

up a prayer. He had scarcely proceeded far, however, when a shriek arose from the compact and perspiring mass before me. It was followed by another and another, and I could now plainly see that a woman was striking out and struggling violently, in some sort of desperate convulsion or fit.

The first impulse of a man, on such an occasion, is to rush forward to the assistance of the sufferer, and to endeavour to promote—although in nine cases out of ten, he only retards—a recovery. As luck would have it, I had about me a smelling-bottle, which, from having felt faint during the last two or three days at Washington, I had been induced to carry. Advancing with it in my hand, I was stopped at the entrance to the enclosure by one of the aforesaid presbyters, deacons or elders, who enquired, composedly, where I was going. “Why, don’t you see that there is a lady taken ill?” said I. “My good sir,” returned he, “you are under a mistake. That woman is not taken ill. The spirit is working within her, and she cannot help what she is doing. Oh, may the time come when you will be in the same blessed condition!”

I now recollected that I was in the midst of one of those religious sects, who believe in these instantaneous conversions. The service proceeded without any apparent interruption, the person praying, neither turning round his head to the

place whence the sounds proceeded, nor pausing in his torrent of invectives against Sin. As for the woman herself, she was borne away by her sympathising friends, who endeavoured, in vain, for some time, to comfort her, but who succeeded at last, in carrying her off to one of the booths, to a more comfortable frame of mind, and, I trust, to tea.

This kind of scene was repeated, at short intervals, during the whole of the time that I stood by; the women being the only performers, and the men entirely refusing to come up to the scratch. Every now and then, a young female would burst forth into a succession of shrieks, throw up her arms, struggle for some moments, and at length fall, hot and perspiring, upon the damp leaves, refusing to get up, and taking, as it appeared to me, the readiest way to test the efficacy of the instructions which she had received, to bring her to Heaven. The weather, however, being remarkably sultry, it was calculated that a less number of conversions took place in this, than in preceding years.

The service had no sooner concluded, at this temporary place of worship, than it was heard to burst forth from another, which was situated at a short distance. The crowd of devotees poured forth from the enclosure, and moved on, to profit by the ministrations of a fresh set of teachers.

For my part, having seen and heard enough, I strolled leisurely back to the place where I had left my horse, with the determination of returning home.

As I walked along, I could not help thinking that the Scylla, which yawns on one side of the church, is not a whit less terrible than the Charybdis, to which every one is calling our attention, on the other side. We are carefully informed of the number of clergymen who set out from Oxford, every year, to kiss the infallible toe of the Pope. But we shall never know how many Mrs. Smiths and Mrs. Browns have been induced to neglect their household duties, to run after popular preachers; to swoon at missionary meetings; studiously to make home uncomfortable for a *worldly* husband; to do, in a word, those thousand little unchristian acts, which are sanctioned by a perverted christianity. The people, whom I now saw before me, for instance, had, many of them, deserted their homes and families for a whole week, from the beginning to the end of which, they had been indulging in nothing more nor less than religious dissipation. How much more effectually would they have evinced their hatred of the Tempter, if, instead of battling with him openly and physically, with their arms and legs, as if he were a visible and palpable object—which he is not—they had silently undermined

his influence by private self-restraint, and the performance of benevolent actions, as if he were a subtle and invisible agent—which, if he exist at all, he certainly is. These Camp-meetings, too, must of necessity draw together many of the idle and viciously inclined, persons who come to seek anything rather than salvation. This very one, at which I was then a spectator, had been the scene, every night, of disgraceful fights and riots; still-born infants had been discovered on the ground; every species of immorality had been going on.

Full of these and similar meditations, I got upon my mare, and pursued, in silence, a narrow road, which I made no doubt was the identical one by which I had entered the wood. Too late, I found, to my cost, that it was much more easy to find your way in, than to find it out again, in which sense the wood might be said to resemble a beetle-trap, and I myself might be not inaptly compared to the beetle. Conscious, at last, that I had wandered far out of the right direction, I endeavoured to retrace my way to the Camp-meeting, and, with that intention, stood up in the stirrups, and listened, from time to time, for the cannonade of psalmody, and the shrieks of the converts, which, I made sure, must be audible at a considerable distance from the scene of action. Unattended with success, my efforts resolved

themselves into an endeavour to read the heavens, and to deduce from the position of certain stars, the various points of the compass. I was saved from the humiliation of feeling that I had forgotten all my astronomy, by the clouds themselves, which, pouring over the face of heaven, in all directions, blotted out the stars from my view. Attracted, no doubt, by the romantic nature of my situation, a few pattering rain drops fell upon my hat, to complete the picture, and a soaking wet night, in a Virginian wood, seemed to be the most cheering prospect that fate had in store for me.

It was at this moment, that, from the bushes on my left-hand side, I caught a rustling sound, which, in my ignorance of natural history, I feared might turn out a lion, and almost hoped would prove to be only a panther or a wild-cat, after all. It was a negro, who, looking cautiously around him, hurried stealthily along, with a bundle suspended to a stick, which was slung across his shoulder. I called out to him, but my voice only made him quicken his steps, in the opposite direction. I called out again that I had lost my way, and this had the desired effect of bringing him to a stand-still.

I shall not easily forget the expression of that man's face, when I overtook him—the cowering look, the drops of perspiration that chased each

other down his sable cheeks. Calling to mind what I had heard, that these Camp-meetings were constantly furnishing discontented slaves with an opportunity to escape, I could scarcely feel a doubt that I had fallen in with one of these "fugitives from labour." However, I felt no anxiety to have my doubts cleared up, or to extract a confession, which might, for what I know, have placed me in the position of an accessory after the fact, or a receiver of stolen goods. I preferred, therefore, asking him for the way to Washington. This, he either was, or pretended to be, ignorant of; but, if I followed the path which he was taking, I should be shortly clear of the wood, he said, and out in the open fields.

Profiting by this advice, I shortly emerged into the open country, and had nothing better for it than to ride straight on, in the hope of lighting upon some farm-house or cottage, where I might obtain shelter for the night. The rays of the moon, which at this time burst forth from the clouds, happily shone upon the white walls of a small house or hut, which stood at no great distance, and, on riding up, discovered that it was a little road-side tavern or inn. Before the door, stood several of those light gigs, denominated in America "waggons," the sides of which were beplastered with mud, as the horses were covered with foam. The sounds of boisterous merriment

came from within, and smote gratefully upon the ear. Giving my horse to be held by a boy, I walked in, and was immediately shown into a small parlour, where a party were partaking of supper.

The supper was a genuine American one, consisting of tautog, soft crabs, cantelopes, peaches, and other products of the country. The party included four young gentlemen, and as many ladies, whom—for “charity thinketh no evil,”—I, of course, at once saw to be their wives. The good-nature of the Americans is one of the most pleasing features in the national character; instead of being looked upon as an intruder, I was welcomed to the table, and, in the course of a few minutes, was the bosom friend of every one present. They had been having what Englishmen would call “a lark,” at the meeting, and were amusing themselves with reminiscences of the hymns which they had heard, and the conversions of which they had been witnesses. This only confirmed me in my belief, that these great bonfires of religious zeal, kindled on the barren common, or in the lonely forest, were quite as much calculated to attract “the great Lion who goeth about,” as to scare him away. But one short story which I heard, so fully shows the truth of this, that I cannot help inserting it in this place, giving it, as nearly as I can, in the very words of the narrator.

“ When I first come to live at P——, there was a gal in the town, named Susan N——. She was rose Annapolis way, and was one of the sweetest lookin creturs the sun ever shone on. There was a feller courtin her at that time, by the name of Xerxes F——, the son of a nigger driver, as used to be, but who had realized a pretty smart sum down Philadelphia yonder. I don't know how it was, but I suppose Suke's mother suspected the younker was arter no good, for, arter a little while, she forbad him in the house, knowin that Sukey, who was oncommon dootiful to be sure, 'd never dream of havin a stolen meetin with her lover, arter her mother had told him to clear. Well, things go on in this way for some distance, Suk growin thinner and thinner, and Xerk (who was most incomparable smart), makin pretend to hitch hisself on to the smashers and juleps, and be drinkin hisself dead for love.

“ Well, one day, by some chance or other, they meet somewheres, and Xerk, he says to her, says he, ‘ Suk,’ says he ‘ hav you forgotten me,’ says he, ‘ No,’ says she, a tear bedimmin her eye, ‘ but you know the location of matters’ says she, ‘ well,’ he says, says he ‘ there'll be a Camp-meetin' up Constantinople way to-morrow’ says he, ‘ I have a somethin I must say to you, and must say, and can't say here. Are you smart?’

says he, 'Mother doe'nt attend meetins' she says, fixing her eyes eternally on the ground, and half-wishin that her mother did. 'Well, but your uncle Hiram does' says he, 'you make pretend you want to see one, one day. The old'un 'll never suspect's it's to meet me.' Suk consented, and wuss for her. Yes, sir. Wuss, a-deal, sir. Yes, sir.

"Well, Suk, she goes up with her uncle Hiram, and uncle Hiram, arter listenin to two discoorses, he falls asleep in his tent, bein an everlastin unwieldy old hoss as he is. Sukey strolls out, and ranges herself under a partickler pulpit, where she was to look out for Xerk, and, sure enough, there he come, true to time, as a engine. Well, he hadn't had time to speak any to her, when an old woman, standin by, was took oncommon bad, shriekin out, and risin up her arms, and runnin for'ard like a wounded buffaler. Suk, who was nat'rally kind, goes up and asks 'What's the matter?' 'She's took with the sperrit' says a thin black-coated chap, standin by. 'No, it's with the spasmodics' says another. Meanwhile, the old woman, who had been hollerin and hollerin herself quite faint, drops upon Susan's shoulder, all of a flop, and cries out 'Oh, see me home, my young friend!' Yes, sir.

"Yes, sir. Well, sir. Susan sees her to her tent, which is located a tall distance off, and at

the extreme of all the others. 'Oh run for a doctor, do,' cries the woman sinkin on a bench. 'Where, where am I to look for one?' cries Susan. 'Oh straight along that path,' cries the woman, pointin to a narrow path afore the tent, which led through the wood. 'You go straight on, for about a quarter of a mile, and the doctor's house stands just at the confine of the wood. Make an enquiry for him at the door, and he'll come on slick and slap' says she.

"Well, Susan ran on, never thinking she was alone, and it was night, and what's more, from that day to this, she's never run back again, neither. No, sir. Two or three days arterwards, they found her body lyin in a re-tired part, bearin the appearance—as the surgeon said—of havin suicided herself. This was proved, by some words she writ on a piece of paper afore doin the deed, which were these—She'd had a good raisin, and knew how to write, did Sue. 'Let not a breath of suspicion attach to any other individual. I perish, self-immolated.' Well, suspicion did, somehow, fix on to Hiram, that he had been the cause of all. However, not the twinklin of a pig's whisper ever come from him on the pint. He was mum as a dead Bar.

"However, some years arterwards, a difficulty occurrin between him and Otis K——, he was slugged in the left side; there now. Afore dyin,

he confessed that it was all smartly fixed between him and the old woman, who had agreed to fall ill. He was posted in the wood to meet Susan, and, I suppose, sir, you can guess the rest. When she fled from him, its plain her noble sperrit rose in her the thought of suicide, which she did, poor thing, to the 'sorrow of a numerous circle' as the chaps say in the Newspaper *Advertisements*. Yes, sir. Yes, sir? Yes, sir."

By this time, I started for my homeward ride; and one or two of the small hours had already chinked from the churches, when, yielding up Buena Vesta to a drowsy ostler, I sought my own hot and sleep-dispelling chamber.

SLAVES AND SLAVERY.

A gentleman, one day, offering to drive me to a slave-market, I very readily fell in with his proposal. Among the many reasons which had induced me to part with my cat, to shut up my chambers, and to brave the perils of the Atlantic, was the desire which I felt to see men and women exposed for sale, and knocked down to the highest bidder. I had heard of human beings being submitted to the pinch and the dig of a critical thumb and forefinger, in the same way that our farmers test the condition of a horse or a cow. I had read "elegant extracts" from the poetry of an American Robins, and I wished to hear them from the lips of the bard himself. It is the same morbid feeling which drives some people to witness executions ; the desire of experiencing something novel and startling, and different from all former sensations, in the same way that I should like, just for once in my life-time, to be present at a battle, or to fall in love.

Unfortunately, I could not hope to see a regular auction nearer than Richmond, a place

which it was too hot to think of visiting just now. The building where I was to be taken, was not so much a slave-market, as a gaol ; being used to confine runaways in, and as a temporary house of detention for slaves purchased to go south, where they might be lodged until an opportunity occurred of marching them off, or shipping them off, to their destination. In other respects, it by no means resembled the idea which is usually conjured up by the word Gaol, being, indeed, like a country-school rather than anything else. It was a white house, with a garden on one side, and a sort of open yard, like a play-ground, on the other, which yard was surrounded by a wooden palisade of no great height. This is the place for exercise. A row of wooden buildings, attached to the house, contained the sleeping-rooms of the black inmates, from an opening in which one or two curly heads looked down upon us, as we drove up.

The master of the house, we found, was absent, having driven over to a neighbouring town to inspect a substantial carpenter who was on sale. We were, however, at liberty to go over the building, which, to my mortification, I heard was very nearly empty. A great clearing out had taken place only a few days before, when sixty-five of its inmates had been packed off to New Orleans, to take advantage, I believe, of a turn of the

market. There were only one or two left, but these we might examine if we chose. The negro boy (himself a slave) who showed us over the place, and who acted as overseer and turnkey, asked whether we came to look for anything, and what sort of article it was we wanted? My friend replied, nothing at present, but that we might, by and by, have occasion for a good plain cook. The boy shook his head, and answered, that there was nothing of that sort on view just now, but that he knew where it was to be found, not very far off, being parted with for no fault, and likely to go a remarkable bargain.

We went up to the sleeping apartments, which consisted of the four bare walls, with wooden benches, bedding of a coarse description strewn upon the floor, and windows without any glass in them. In the kitchen below, assisting in the preparation of supper, was a young mulatto woman, extremely good-looking, "whom," said my friend, "several young farmers of my acquaintance have been to look at, for she is kept to be sold for that purpose. But the price is too high. Mary!" he continued, addressing her, "have they lowered you at all?" X

"I don't know, sir."

"Ah! they must take fifty dollars off you before ever you'll go. That's a fact."

I took occasion to ask the boy, how the slaves

had been transmitted to the South, whether by land or by sea? He replied, By land. They travelled in vehicles, with overseers or drivers appointed over them, and were made to get out and walk on the road by turns. The journey, though it took a longer time to accomplish in this way, might be done much more cheaply, and there was this further advantage, that the slaves arrived in good condition, so that they could be taken into the market forthwith. When forwarded in sailing vessels, they were apt to come to land very much knocked about by the rough sea-weather; and the delay of a few days, before they were sufficiently righted to be brought to the hammer, with profit to their owner, would, of course, form an additional item of expenditure. I was glad to hear one thing, that a strong feeling was growing up against separating husband and wife. "The very religious people," said my friend to me, "won't sell the one without the other." This feeling—an idle prejudice, very likely—may work its way down, and down, until, at last, it reaches those who have the care of framing *our* Poor Laws.

"Well, how any man can be a slave-holder is a puzzle to me," thought I to myself, as I walked out of the house. This reflection was only in accordance with that well-known Britannic prejudice, which is unable to comprehend how any nation, under any circumstances, can act in a

different manner from that in which the British act, or adopt any institutions other than the institutions of the Britons. Whenever, in the preceding pages, I have had occasion to speak of the difference between the blacks and the whites, I have been unable to shake off this prejudice. A little reflection will, however, set the matter in a different point of view.

Slavery, in the opinion of the English, has long formed the one great standing subject of complaint against America. It has furnished the materials for hundreds of newspaper columns; it has been dragged forcibly into reviews of American publications; it has been bandyed from mouth to mouth, at religious meetings. Men have thought it strange, that even in the Northern States of the Union, where slavery has been abolished, the black should not enjoy the same privileges as the white man. It has been deemed odious and incomprehensible that the Spartan should refuse to admit his Helot into the same seats at the theatre, the same omnibuses, the same pews at church. It has been asked why a white lady should not walk down the streets arm in arm with a black gentleman of education; why a black clergyman should not preach to a white congregation; why, there should be all these distinctions on account of a mere difference of *colour*?

But—I speak now of the Northern States—

Exeter Hall Philanthropists, whose arms saw the air to the tune of such arguments as these, should recollect that their experience of the negro race is confined to some half dozen specimens, who, victims of tyranny by profession, come over to expatiate upon the sufferings of their people. These afflicted men, sipping their wine with ease and grace, and sitting at table with faultless black clothes and snowy neckcloths, form the lions of clerical dinner parties in the country, and afford actual experience that it is not only quite possible, but, indeed, highly agreeable, to welcome a negro as a friend and a brother. Those, however, who—perhaps profanely—pause before condemning the slave-holder to hell, and his country to destruction, may wish to find some other cause than the desperate sinfulness of the people of New York and Philadelphia, to account for the low estimation in which the black are held by the white population of the Free States.

That cause is to be sought for no further than in the plain and simple fact, that the negro is an inferior race, whose difference of colour forms their least striking distinction from the rest of mankind. There are physical peculiarities connected with this race, which it would be impossible to enter upon, but which sufficiently explain the broad line of demarcation everywhere established between them and the whites. The Englishman

of the West Indies shares in the prejudices of the American; I have known a very excellent and accomplished lady, who had a slight tinge of African blood, to be refused admission into their society, by the Englishwomen of Calcutta. Let but two millions of negroes emigrate to Old England, and, in less than a quarter of a century, the feeling there will be the same as it is now in New England. The best men will share in it. I need hardly call attention to the fact, that the clergy of the Established Church were the most eager and enthusiastic upholders of slavery in the West Indies. They clung to it, when every one else had abandoned it; and, for once, (considering the present state of those islands) appear, by so doing, to have advocated a wise and humane course.

With regard to the Slave States, I apprehend the matter to stand thus. No man can uphold slavery in the abstract; which means to say, that if society could be reduced to its first elements, and all disturbing causes—such as human frailty, the errors of our forefathers, and the like—could be left out of account, such an institution as slavery would be manifestly tyrannical and wrong. In this opinion, all men, on both sides of the Atlantic, perfectly coincide. When viewed in this light, no one can argue for the power of the Czar, who exercises, over millions of his fellow-creatures, a dominion for which he has paid no-

thing, and for which they receive no equivalent. And there have not been wanting persons, who have affirmed pretty much the same thing of the principle of buying and selling Church livings, and putting up a cure of souls to the highest bidder, which they have stigmatized as being far more absurd and impious than buying and selling a human creature. It is true, that these kind of people have hitherto usually found their way into prison, and are even now—most justly—thrust forth from the pale of respectable society. I only quote them to show, that even the most perfect and time-hallowed of institutions may be charged by some with being “wrong in the abstract.”

But the question arises, whether these kind of institutions, when once established, are any longer capable of being treated abstractedly, or whether they do not involve certain other considerations, which have grown up with them, or which have sprung from them, or from which they themselves have sprung. Can we ever hope to reduce that astounding problem, Society, into its primitive elements, and to inquire whether the coefficient Slavery is to be introduced or not? Or, rather, have we not got into that tangled and perplexing state, that everything props up something else, as in an equation; and to strike out an institution, on one side, involves the striking out of an institution (or of half-a-dozen), on the other?

The question no longer is—Ought slaves to be brought here at all? but—Now that they have been brought, what is to be done with them? To which the abolitionist and the Englishman—who, knowing nothing about the matter, and having nothing to win or lose either way, is beautifully humane—have their usual answer cut and dried—“Give them up, give them up! Set them all free. It is true that many private individuals will lose heavily; but what is that, when we consider the curse which will be removed from the land? What is so wrong in itself, never can be defended on the ground of expediency. *No* circumstances ever can arise, in which man is entitled to a property in his fellow-man. Nor can the blessing of Providence rest upon a nation, which countenances, even in thought, such a notion. Give them up, my dear friends, give them up!”

To which the slave-holder might, with some show of justice, reply, “The course which you recommend would be found to be neither just, nor advantageous, nor, in the long run, humane. To give their liberty to the two millions of Helots, who are now cultivating our soil, would be to plunge the finest states of the Union into irretrievable ruin, and to entail upon the peaceful citizens all the horrors of anarchy and bloodshed. The planter, being himself a ruined man, would

be unable to find these "freedmen" any employment; even if he could do so, it is questionable whether their gratuitous labour would be worth securing. I say this, looking at the West India Islands, where the negro is in an infinitely more debased and degraded state since his emancipation than he was before it, and where the finest estates are going to ruin, from the sheer inability of the planter to make his free blacks work.

"I affirm that the Southern States cannot be cultivated except by negro labour; and, if this labour is to be obtained on no other terms than the bondage of the labourer, it seems doubtful how far we are justified in converting smiling provinces into a howling wilderness, for the mere purpose of gratifying a mock sentimentality, which has been found to entail the most frightful consequences elsewhere. It seems doubtful how far we can be called upon to do anything more, than to pass stringent laws for the protection of the slave, against being maltreated or overworked, and this, we think, ought to be done. It is, unquestionably, for the happiness of the slave to continue as he is. For, be it remembered, that the difference between the American bond-labourer and the English free-labourer is, for the most part, in theory. The negro does not refine; he is not a student of Cicero; he is unacquainted with the history of the Greeks. What he wants

is to be well fed and well treated, which, in nine cases out of ten, (if it were only for the owner's interest) he will be found to be. Well fed and well treated, he is in an incomparably better position than the Dorsetshire labourer, or the Irish peasant, who, on their six shillings a week, or in their mud-hovel, can boast of their freedom, if they please—and starve!

“You, Mr. Englishman, who have so much to say on this subject, and are so loud in your outcries and reproaches, should be the very last to say a word, when you cast your eyes back upon what is going on in your own country. How many monstrous and obsolete laws! how many absurd customs! how many partial enactments! how many vexatious imposts and monopolies! how many sinecures! how many loathsome and revolting cruelties and impieties! have been tolerated, and still continue to be tolerated, on the ground that they involve *vested interests*! How long is it since rotten boroughs were endured, on the ground that they constituted family property? How long were the people forced to struggle for cheap bread, because the landlords' rents could not, with propriety, be made to come down? Why do I at this moment read in the *Times* newspaper of an Advowson for sale, good hunting and shooting in the neighbourhood, the incumbent in his eighty-eighth year? Why is

such a shocking profanity tolerated in a Christian country? Why, because it is a *vested interest*! You are unwilling to deprive a few noblemen and gentlemen of the little addition made to their fortunes by the traffic in these "cures of souls." Now do, my good sir, be a little more reasonable for the future, and look with a more indulgent eye upon our failings. You expect that thousands of us should yield up, not a small addition to our fortunes, but our all, every farthing we have in the world—that we should make our homes desolate, and our children beggars. You expect that we should calmly subscribe to our own ruin, to the ruin of our country, and to the ruin of the poor miserable beings for whose benefit the absurd measure purports to be designed. And for what? To enable our labourers, at the expense of substance, to grasp at a shadow; to confer upon them a privilege which they are not sufficiently refined to appreciate, and which the majority of them would not give you a fig to possess!

"As for you, Mr. Abolitionist, there is no excuse for you. You know all these things, of which the Englishman may, possibly, be ignorant. You know, that in case of the abolition of slavery, you would yourself be involved, more or less, in the common ruin. You know, that every time you shelter a run-a-way slave, — acknowledging, as the more moderate of you do, that the institution

must be done away with, by degrees, not violently—you inflict a blow on the prosperity, the well-being, and the internal tranquillity of the country. Acknowledging that what you urge is right in the abstract, we yet think it so pernicious and impracticable, under existing circumstances, that we are forced to look upon you as our brethren in England do upon the Chartists—as the public enemy. Only, that instead of putting up your head to bleach on the gates of Charleston, or sending you to toil in chains in a penal settlement, as might be your fate, under similar circumstances, in a more enlightened country, we prefer the milder expedient of tarring and feathering you, as a lesson to you not to sow dissension amongst our labourers, or to propagate opinions which, though they may be held by well-meaning people on the other side of the Atlantic, *you* know to be extreme and dangerous *here*.”

In this way, I have heard many Americans talk. Whether their arguments are based on truth and justice, I shall not take upon me to say.

MOUNT VERNON.

One is usually so much annoyed, at a foreign place, in having to be dragged, all day long, at the tail of so many Lions, in being hurried through picture-galleries, and goaded into Gothic ruins, and tortured by popular preachers, that it is a comfort, every now and then, to find out a place of attraction for one's-self, to the contemplation of which, you may devote as much time as you please, and where no kind friend will be present to explain things to you. Such were my feelings when I took my place in the steamer, bound for Mount Vernon, the resting-place in life, as in death, of the immortal Washington. It was the first day of an intended series of excursions. A new and highly-decorated omnibus had been got up for the occasion, which was drawn triumphantly down the street, by six snorting horses. On the tops of the horses' heads were fixed white plumes; on the outside of the omnibus glittered *papier-maché* looking paintings of heads, battles, and houses; inside, was a merry party, consisting of about twice the number that

the omnibus was licensed to carry. And, being rather in a hurry to reach the steamer, the conductor for once entertained us with the English pastime of inveigling stout gentlemen inside, on the plea that the vehicle was quite empty; banging the door after them; and letting them find their way to the top, amidst the execrations of their foes.

Mount Vernon is a quiet country house, on the banks of the Potomac, very often described, I daresay, and very well known. We disembarked at the base of a woody hill, up which I toiled, the centre of perspiring faces, blue parasols, and canes. When you get to the top, you can turn to the left, and a short walk takes you to the tomb of the hero, a kind of brick vault (very badly kept up), with an iron grating instead of a door, through which, two stone coffins are visible. You then retrace your steps, till you reach the old path again, walk straight on and find yourself, after a little while, in a sort of farm-yard, with turkeys clucking round you, and old black women, with cotton handkerchiefs wrapped round their heads, smoking pipes at you, through windows, as you pass. You open a gate, turn to the right, and see a tumble-down old house, with two other smaller houses, or wings, on either side, each connected with the main-building by a colonnade, the whole forming a sort of semi-circle. In front of the door, is an oval

grass-plot, partly surrounded by posts, joined together with rusty chains. Weeds sprout up on the gravel; the walls seem to be decaying away; the wood to be mouldering; you can thrust your finger through some of the windows, without doing an injury; the weather-cock is rusting away unheeded, like everything else, on the top of the house. This is Mount Vernon.

Government should buy up this place, so dear to an American heart, and buy it up soon too, or the old house will one day tumble down with a crash, overwhelming the one or two lean pigs who seem to be grunting and vegetating beneath its shadow. They need not be afraid that this act of munificence may be construed into a dangerous precedent; they are not likely to have another Washington in a hurry. Unless, indeed, it be supposed that the place should be left as it is, in order to inspire a melancholy feeling in the mind of the spectator, such a feeling being most congenial to the contemplation of a hero's or great man's tomb. But, here again, I should take leave to differ. The tombs of heroes and great men (of the Washington school), who have obtained their reputation by the benefits which they have conferred upon mankind, should be contemplated in the light of cheerful, not melancholy objects. No melancholy thought mingles with our recollection of the death of Washington. The grave

of Napoleon was, I own, well situated among the dark and dismal rocks of St. Helena. It was a painful object. The same may be said of the tombs in our lone churchyards, to the memory of those, who, having been amiable husbands, dutiful sons, affectionate parents, faithful friends, kind to the poor, benevolent to those around them, and beloved by everybody, have, nevertheless, had their lot cast in so ungrateful a world, that before they are well in their tombs, every one has forgotten them, and there is no one to weep over them, with the exception of the two cherubim, upon each of whose dirty marble cheeks hangs suspended a tear of the same material.

The interior of the house fulfils the promise of the outside. One end of it is, I believe, still tenanted by members of the family; the other is open to the inspection of visitors. The hall, or neutral territory, is hung round with old English pictures of the chase, huntsmen hallooing their hounds into cover, packs in full cry, and the like. It was pleasing to suppose that these pictures were brought from England by the ancestors of Washington, who were emigrants from Northamptonshire, one of our greatest sporting counties. It was equally painful to feel, that they might just as likely have been purchased, by his descendants, a year or two ago, in a shop at New York or Philadelphia; for, in this way, does

reality sometimes overturn romance. Washington was, however, himself a good rider, "the best horseman of his age," in the words of Jefferson.

Three low dilapidated little rooms, opening out of the hall, on the left-hand side, and containing pictures of the General, and various members of the family, with one or two sea-pieces, and other engravings, form the internal attractions of Mount Vernon. On the side looking down upon the river, is a broad colonnade, where one loves to picture the great man as walking about; holding converse with his friends; and standing with his arms behind his back, or folded on his breast; like other great men. I was glad to observe, on taking a seat on one of the wooden benches, that others of my countrymen had ruminated in the same charming spot, that Potts, of London, had been there in 1842, and Wilkinson, of Manchester, as late as 1849. And this consideration induces me to cut short the present chapter. For when, in a place of this kind, you remark the sign manual of the British traveller, who, if he does not find a memorandum book "in the running brooks," generally does in anything that can be operated on with a pen-knife, you may move on, feeling satisfied that pictures of it have already found their way into the print-shops, that scenes laid there have travelled to London, in the shape of plays (*viâ* Paris, of course), and that G. P. R. James has written a novel about it.

Passing the grave, on my way down to the steamer again, I noticed, that one or two parties had encamped within sight of it, and were indulging in a frugal repast of peaches, cantelopes, and French wine. In a few moments, the bell rang, to remind us that time was up. The boat, making three passages from the shore to the steamer, conveyed the whole party on board, nearly every one grasping an enormous bough, to be converted into a walking stick, by way of a relic, so that we looked like Birnam Wood re-turning (by water) from Dunsinane.

A CARPET-BAG CHAPTER.

The utility of the carpet-bag to the traveller, has been much commented upon, and has furnished the subject of many amusing books and jokes. Standing open, up to the very moment of departure, it constitutes a never-failing receptacle for such small articles, as may have been omitted in the packing of the heavier baggage. Instead of unlocking a box, or unstrapping a portmanteau, for the dignified admission of an odd boot or a stray brush, we unceremoniously kick or plunge the offender into our carpet bag, which, in reference to what it is sometimes made to contain, may be compared to the boa-constrictor on the eve of swallowing a whole horse or buffalo.

The carpet bag has, however, been worn threadbare in the hands of modern joke-makers; I allude to it, only to explain the object of the present chapter, which may be done in a few words. Just as in bidding an eternal adieu to one's old friends, on removing from England to Australia, (or from the City to the West-End), in the hurry of the moment, the most common-place

articles are apt to be forgotten, so also, the writer, when packing into a volume his reminiscences of a foreign land, may chance to omit some of his most important notes, and most interesting adventures. "In such and such a place were to come my philosophical observations, superior to anything in Burke; in another chapter, I have unaccountably forgotten my adventure with the Italian princess; in my remarks on Washington, how could I have left out my spirited stanzas to the capitol?" By the time these omissions have occurred to the mind, it is, perhaps, too late to remedy the evil. The early chapters, by passing through the press, may be said to be strapped down, padlocked, and corded. What then are to become of the observations superior to Burke? the fabrications about the Italian princess? the stanzas to the capitol? Under these circumstances, I have taken the liberty of benefiting mankind—a liberty generally more severely re-sented than any other which can be taken with them—by the invention of the "Carpet-bag Chapter." This chapter, occurring at or near the end of every book of travels, will furnish a safe receptacle for all facts, observations, statistics, adventures—and even fabrications—which have been omitted to be mentioned in the proper chapter, or which have no particular chapter to which they can be referred. I shall not take out a patent

for this invention. Nor shall I forward it to the Great Exhibition. All that I require is, that every Englishman and English woman, writing a tour, shall first present me with a penny; a contribution, individually, contemptible, but which, collectively, would place me in easy circumstances for life.

One of the national features of America which has not received sufficient attention from tourists, but which, I think, would be patent to the most cursory observation, is the marked superiority of the women over the men. Let me not be misunderstood by those who would reply (perhaps with justice) that the women are superior to the men, all the world over. What I mean to say is, that, in the United States, the difference between the two sexes in point of manners, breeding, address, and so forth, is more palpable than in any other country; that while the men are not, in these respects, to be placed on a level with the men of Europe (though, in other respects, they may, of course, excel them), the women, on the other hand, are by no means open to the charge of rude vulgarity and want of manners, which is brought against all Americans generally, and which, to tell the truth, I have sometimes thought not wholly inapplicable to the *men*.

“You meet a fellow in the streets,” said an Englishman, settled in the United States, to me.

“ You meet General A., or Judge B., or Doctor C., a dirty, chewing rascal, whom, in London, you would be ashamed to talk to, and he asks you to his house, to meet his wife and family. You go, with a sad foreboding of the disagreeable evening which you are about to spend. To your surprise, you find in Mrs. and the Miss A.’s or B.’s perfect ladies.” My own observation, cursory, as it of course was, tended to the same result. On the very first Sunday that I spent in America, and while I still looked on the objects around me through my English-coloured spectacles, as it were, I was surprised to see so many stylish and elegant women handed out of their pews, at church, by persons who, at that time, appeared to me to be policemen in plain clothes, or attorney’s clerks in their Sunday costumes, but who were, in reality, the husbands and brothers of these ladies.

The reason clearly is, that, in the United States, nearly every man is engaged in business; and men of business, though undoubtedly forming a far more useful class of the community than men of wealth and pleasure, are not celebrated, in any country, as models of taste and manners. There are none of that highly aristocratic and idle class, whom some consider anything but a blessing, but who, as some compensation for their idleness (small as such a compensation must be) undoubtedly furnish a standard of refined elegance, the

contemplation of which elevates, proportionately, the manners and the taste of the middling classes. Every male spends the greater part of his day at his office, or in his store. The women, on the other hand, not being more employed than the women of Europe, find time to observe the decencies, and even to adopt some of the elegancies, of life.

Another circumstance which particularly struck me during my short tour, was the difference which I thought I could trace between those who had visited Europe, and those who had remained, all their lives, at home. I do not mean that this difference consisted merely in the acquisition of certain facts and experiences, which even the travelled dunce must find some difficulty in excluding from his understanding ; I think it was discernible in the matters of dress and demeanour, and even in the tone of voice. It appears to me, that on glancing down a ball-room, or a party dining at a hotel, or a railway car, I could pick out from the rest such as had spent any length of time in Europe. My little experience goes to show that they would be more clean, more quiet and subdued, less in a hurry. But five minutes' conversation will, in most cases, show whether an American has been in *England*. Nothing, indeed, can be more astonishing than the ignorance which most Americans display on the subject of our institutions (except

it be the ignorance which we display on the subject of theirs.) Laying it down, as a comfortable axiom, that the whole of Europe is falling to pieces, they put us in the same category with France, Spain, Italy, and Austria, and affect to look upon our Government, with the same feelings that we regard the successive constitutions of Republican France. They are surprised, on coming over, to find Great Britain in a state of prosperity such as she has never before attained to;* a people who (considering the immense difficulties they have to contend with) are more energetic than themselves; cities more bustling and active than their own; a constitution under which the perfection of human liberty is enjoyed. They, consequently, go back with very different notions of England and the English, to those which they had gathered from the *New York Herald* and the *New York Tribune*.

I should say that there would, ere long, be a decided accent prevalent in America, in the same way that there are Scotch, Irish, Welsh, York-

* The account recently published by M. de Lamartine, of his visit to this country, should convince every sensible American, who reads it, that England has, within the last twenty years, made more progress than any other nation on the surface of the globe—scarcely excepting even the Americans themselves, with all the incalculable advantages attendant upon their being a new country, being almost free from national debt, &c.

shire, Devonshire, and even Hampshire and Hertfordshire accents. It would be strange, indeed, if such were not the case. The fashion is coming very much into vogue, too, of pronouncing words as they are written, the converse of the mode inculcated by Phonographers, of writing words as they are pronounced. Thus :—*Advertisement*, *Engine*, *Enquiry*, *Nātional*, etc. In the case of a foreign, but especially a Greek or Latin, word, an opposite rule would appear to hold good—*Athenæum*, *Museum*, *Lyceum*, and that class of terminations, being invariably pronounced *Athenūm*, *Musūm*, *Lycūm*, etc. “It is to me, Mr. Chairman, a *terra incognita*.” “The two honourable gentlemen are *Arcādes ambo*.” “Faith my beloved brethren, is the marrow, the substance, the *pabūlum* of the soul.” These false quantities are constantly heard from the mouths of professional and educated men. Their method of expressing themselves is, however—leaving out of account a certain turgidity and florid air in the turns of the sentences—remarkably pure; I am speaking of the educated classes. One mode of expression, which, I think, might undergo revision, is the habit of interlarding a story with “says I” and “says he.” This, in England, is very judiciously looked upon as a vulgarity; in America, it is the first thing that a stranger, admitted into decent society, would notice. I

have heard it used in relating a narrative, not only by ladies, but by some of the very first and most able men in the country ; by one, indeed, who is usually looked upon as the ablest and most highly intellectual man in the United States. " The Judge came to me, and he says, ' Mr. W.,' says he, ' What do you think of this affair ?' says he. ' Judge,' says I, ' the truth is,' says I, and so on. There are one or two other phrases, which, confined to the lower classes here, have been naturalized among the upper classes in America, but this is decidedly the most universally prevalent and striking.

Amongst the many pleasing whimsicalities of the British Government, which we pay to enjoy, the method of regulating the salary of Foreign Ministers, has generally been looked upon as one of the most truly humorous performances of that talented *corps*. On residing some little time at Washington, and becoming acquainted with the mode of life there, my sense of this joke was much heightened. I saw six or seven thousand pounds paid annually, to support the dignity of England in a Capital, where the Chief Magistrate receives five thousand, and the principal Secretaries of State only about a thousand pounds a-piece. Is it by any means essential to the dignity or prosperity of this country, that its ambassador should be placed in a situation to expend, or to save, five

times as much as the greatest officers of the land in which he resides? This system of striking awe into foreign nations, by means of our exorbitant salaries, will not, on the whole, prove a very efficacious one. Weighing upon the backs of the people at home, it may, perhaps, only shake the sides of the people abroad, who may, for what I know, grin occasionally, at the sight of the impoverished peers, and poor cabinet relatives, who have left their country for their own, rather than their country's good. The best part of the joke, in this case, is that for years before the recent appointment of the present very able Minister, the representative of English dignity was a totally invisible object, one of those who, like the adventurers in the fairy tales, became invisible to men by putting on a cap—in the present case, I allude to a night-cap—the snoozing recipient of an extravagant salary, who never rose from his bed till nightfall. This is perfectly well known to (and laughed at by) every one in Washington.

As this little book proudly vindicates for itself the character of being perfectly superficial, and of containing nothing that is either useful, on the one hand, or philosophical on the other, a discussion of the advantages and disadvantages of Republican Governments would be out of place here. One of the evils attendant on Republican institutions I cannot, however, help noticing. I allude

to *Republicanism in families*. I have more than once heard this made the subject of lament by American mothers, and my own passing observations tended to furnish me with sufficient reasons for the complaint. Indeed, judging from probabilities, and without any direct evidence on the subject, I think one would be led to conclude that the authority of a parent over his child (as well as of a master over his servant) would be less strongly defined in America than in England. It appears to me that the same form of Government which the spirit of a people requires, as most suitable to its national prosperity, will be found to prevail, more or less, in each of the individual families which, taken collectively, form that people. I can imagine that the Russian father of a family is an autocrat, marrying off his daughter, as he would slaughter his pig, by a sort of private ukase. In England, the head of a family is a constitutional monarch, and (to draw the comparison still closer) the Salic law not having been admitted into our public codes, has been expunged from our private codes, as well. A woman mounts the throne quite as often as a man. In France, I have always remarked that any one was at the head of the family, who could get there. Sometimes it is *Madame*, sometimes *Monsieur*, sometimes *M. l'Abbé*, not unfrequently *M. le Marquis*, Monsieur's friend, who is all powerful in the

house, who undertakes the management of Monsieur's affairs, and is a father to Monsieur's children.

Agreeably to this really ingenious theory, (warranted equal to anything of Carlyle's) we should expect to find in the American father of a family nothing more than a kind of president or governor, enjoying delegated rights. This, I am told, is the case. The authority of a father over his son, or of a mother over her daughter—in the affair of marriage, for instance—would be infinitely less, on the other side of the Atlantic, than here. In the case of a serious quarrel occurring, a young man would have little to fear from his parent. There is no such thing as disinheriting; he *must* come in for his share of the property, whether he be a dutiful or undutiful son, whether his conduct has been good, bad, or indifferent.

With regard to the mutual relations of master and servant, in the United States, that is a subject which has frequently furnished a laugh to European travellers. I do not see, however, that provided what you require to be done is done, the fact of your servant remarking to you, as you pass him on the stairs, that it is a fine day, should strike you as an unwarrantable liberty. Service is a social contract, by which one man sells his labour, and the other purchases it. I do not see why an article should always be held to be implied

in that contract, by virtue of which the seller is to fawn, and truckle, and lick the ground, in front of the purchaser. The powdered and disfigured unfortunates, who stand panting at the doors in Grosvenor Square, address the footboy with the same ridiculous haughtiness that their mistress exhibits towards them, and the fountain head of that stream of vice and folly which pours through the kitchen, washing away with it honesty and integrity, temperance and chastity, is very often to be traced to the drawing-room and the *boudoir*.

As I am tumbling into this chapter, the stray notes and observations for which there is no room elsewhere, I cannot help adverting to a point which has been noticed by every traveller — I mean the painful and haggard expression of almost every countenance that you meet in the United States. This observation is more strongly riveted upon my mind than any other that I made, and I can unhesitatingly affirm that Mr. Dickens, and other writers, in describing this peculiar trait, have fallen short, very far short, of the reality. Such a collection of wrinkled, miserable, sallow faces as force themselves upon your attention, as you walk down the streets, or sit in one of the long railway cars, or pace the deck of a steamer, it would be impossible to describe. Joylessness appears to be an essential ingredient in the American character. The people are too busy to

laugh. It may be, indeed, that beneath those fearful masks lurk happy hearts and jovial spirits. If such be the case, my Lavater goes to the second-hand book-stall. If Mr. Washington Irving's theory could be established, that a people are grave and serious in proportion as they are free, the Americans will only have to show their faces, to convince every other nation that they enjoy the perfection of human liberty. Great Heavens! I would rather sit down with a party of skeletons, or comic actors, or gentlemen suffering under *tic-douloureux*, or "Evangelical" people, or any other pre-eminently respectable, but particularly lugubrious, companions.

There are two transatlantic institutions which deserve a word of notice. One is the institution of Ice, whereby every hotel and boarding-house, down to the lowest tavern in the bye streets, is plentifully supplied with that delightful article. I need hardly dwell upon the good sense and good taste of this. Leaving out of the question the case of wines and other beverages, I hold that a glass of iced water, or water with three or four lumps of ice floating about in it, raised to the parched lips, in the month of July or August, is a beverage as essentially different from un-iced water, as port is from sherry, or champagne from claret. Now, in London, in the height of the dog days, when I rush into some respectable looking hotel

to refresh myself after a long walk, and call for half a pint of sherry, or something of that sort, what is the result? A small decanter is brought to me, containing a hot oily fluid of a yellow colour, with the dismembered limbs of flies, floating, very likely, on its peppery surface. It has been standing in this state, for some days, in the bar, beside the withered bar-maid, and has become impregnated with an atmosphere of 90° Fahrenheit. A violent effort of the imagination presents this highly frightful compound to me in the light of Sherry, or (if a little vinegar has got into it by mistake), Madeira. I call out, however, to the waiter for "ice," which may make the wine drinkable. He looks at me, first with surprise, then with tender commiseration—he does not think they have such a thing. He goes and consults another waiter, however, and the two waiters, after comparing greasy faces, up in a corner together, for a few minutes, emerge to deliver the result of their deliberations. There *is* ice somewhere, but they don't exactly know where, and as it is never asked for, except at dinner parties, Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones has got the key of the place where it is kept, and this Smith or Jones happens to be out. The fact of the matter is, that ice is a luxury unknown to the middling classes in this country. It may be said, indeed, that there is considerable difficulty in procuring

✓ it, but this argument will not hold good, when we look at the case of New Orleans, where the difficulty is very much greater, and ice is to be seen, throughout the whole of summer, in every hotel and private house.

Another institution, not originally invented in America, but which in that favored land has been carried to a pitch of science and refinement which I have never seen equalled elsewhere, is the institution, whereby, in eating, the knife is made to supply the place of the fork. This habit, the sure sign of an excessively vulgar and ill-bred person, on this side of the Atlantic, is, on the other side, adopted by all classes of men with a degree of fervour and devotion, which, in a better cause, would be absolutely sublime. At two or three dinner parties to which I had the honour of receiving invitations, at Washington, and where the guests assembled were, with scarcely any exception, senators and members of the Government, I remarked, with unutterable feelings, that all my distinguished friends plunged into their mouths enormous wedges of meat and mounds of vegetable, perched on the ends of their knives. To be sure, one felt so certain that they were well accustomed to this kind of jugglery, that there was little apprehension of their cutting themselves; at the same time, the habit is not pleasant. It may appear ridiculous to notice so

trifling a circumstance in a book ; but, viewed in its proper light, the institution is by no means a trifling one. The man who commences by so far disregarding social prejudices as to eat with his knife, may go a little further ; he may turn round in his chair and spit, during the progress of the repast. He may go a little further still, and look upon soap as a glittering frivolity, and upon washing his hands as a base surrender of the dignity of man. Yet another step in his onward career, and he comes in, perfuming the room with the odour of chewed tobacco, and disgusting his neighbours with the streams of liquid juice, which intersect each other on the yellow surface of his shirt. All these little "trifles" will mount up into an aggregate, which it will be excessively disagreeable to sit next to, or to converse with. Allowing, as I do with all my heart, that the Americans are a great nation—nay, admitting, for the sake of argument, that they are the greatest in the world—that cannot alter my firm conviction, derived from my own and every other Englishman's experience, that they are, in the expressive words of Mr. Dickens, "very dirty feeders."

In adverting, however, to the absence of refinement, so clearly discernible in American men, it would be unpardonable to omit one consideration, which has not been sufficiently taken into

account by English travellers. The Government of the United States is a popular Government, their institutions are popular institutions, the spirit which presides over the manners and customs of private life, is a spirit springing directly from the masses, and which looks to the welfare of the masses, as its sole and legitimate end and object. If, then, there be wanting that highly refined and polished class of gentlemen, which is to be found in England, on the other hand, you would search in vain for anything corresponding to the semi-barbarian class of peasants, that some of our counties exhibit. Men are more upon a level; if there be very few who cultivate the graces of external deportment, on the other hand, (to their lasting glory, be it said), there are very few that cannot read and write. And while the English traveller is fully justified in enjoying a good-humoured laugh at their neglect of the forms and decencies of life, an American traveller would be equally entitled to dwell upon *our* shortcomings, which, if not so ludicrous in their nature, are, perhaps, after all, more disastrous in their effects. The only difference would be in the result. Whilst the British Lion would snore contentedly (or, still better, rouse himself to effect some improvement,) under the influence of their remarks, the feathers of the American Eagle are ruffled by the slightest breath of censure. Such a touchy people surely

never existed. When they have accomplished something of which they can reasonably be proud, this absurd thin-skinnedness will be no longer discernible.

Talking of the touchiness displayed by our Transatlantic cousins, I may be permitted to advert, once more, with regret, to the circumstance that the works of Hall, Trollope, Dickens, and other travellers, are looked upon by them, as studied and malicious libels upon their national character. I once heard an American, at Washington, make the following remark, "I was in Cincinnati for six months, and I do not think, that throughout the whole of that time, I met with three *gentlemen*." The New York Hotel, in New York, has been recommended to me by another American, on the express ground, that "it is not frequented by those vulgar Western people." I have heard, over and over again, at Philadelphia, and elsewhere, that "the Western States are inhabited by a fine population, but if you were to go there with the expectation of finding many men with gentlemanly manners, you would be disappointed. You would meet with some curious specimens, down there, Sir." Americans themselves have repeatedly begged me to wait and go West. "You would be so much amused at the fellows you would meet with on the *steamers*, down there," they have said. And

yet, when Mr. Dickens, after passing through the Eastern cities, (the state of society in which, he, for the most part, eulogises,) comes to exhibit a good-natured portrait, or even caricature, of some of these peculiar personages of Ohio and Missouri, a hundred reviews and newspapers bristle up, to fling the lie in his teeth. This is very absurd. Besides which, the Bostonian, or Baltimorean, who, in speaking of the Down Wester, tells you, very reasonably, that the same refinement cannot be expected in a new and unsettled country, as is to be found in cities of longer standing, (Boston and Baltimore for example,) should remember that the very same remark, though in a modified form, is applicable to the manners of his own city and state, when compared with those of Europe.

The same touchiness which is exhibited, when their institutions are spoken of in any terms short of the inimitable bombast of their own native orators, is also called into play in the case of their great men. Any one who takes up a collection of American prose writers, or American poets, will find there, besides the *chef d'œuvres* of some very able persons, a mass of clever, common-place writing, not a whit superior to what may be seen, every week and every month, in our magazines and periodicals. And yet, all these authors (who, in other countries, would be scarcely authors at all) are exalted into magnificent geniuses, and are

extolled as being very like (only much superior to) Byron or Scott. It would be "European" to disbelieve in them. The same remark applies to their illustrious men, in other walks. The most amusing instance of this, that I can lay my hand on, is a passage in the *North American Review* of 1833 or 1834, occurring in a criticism on "Men and Manners in America," one of the most able, impartial, and accurate works, by the way, ever published on the United States. The author, amongst other places, visited the House of Representatives, and he gives an account of a speech which he heard from a Mr. Tristram Burges. "The 'a Mr. Tristram Burges' is rather comic," says the *North American Review*, "and brings to mind the 'one John Milton' of Whitelocke." Now, I appeal to any English reader of this book; has he or she ever heard of this Mr. Tristram Burges? I confess that I never did, in the whole course of my life, and that I might have fallen, without knowing it, into the frightful absurdity of speaking of a Mr. Tristram Burges, and thereby have offended against propriety as much, as if I had spoken of a Mr. Shakespeare, or one John Milton.*

* There are many exquisite gems in the *critique* above alluded to. In one place, it accuses the author, of indecency, for employing the term "nasty," which he does, in reference to one of the many American customs, which thoroughly merit that epithet. In another place, we are

A carpet-bag is never supposed to be full, and, therefore, the present chapter might be enlarged into the size of the collected edition of G. P. R. James's works, without any one having a right to complain. I shall, however, as the originator of a great invention, set an example to all future imitators, of modesty and moderation. Only, let those who feel disposed to carp at this chapter, remember that I may be induced, before long, to go and settle in America, myself, where, turning down my shirt-collars, and leaving off soap, I shall decidedly commence life again, as a Genius; and, in the character of another Bacon (only much superior to the original Bacon) or a second Pope (only much better than the first one), exhibit my great literary inventions, and inculcate my wonderful and transatlantic opinions, in a form and with a power, which will for ever set at rest the malignant depreciation of Europe.

told that "he (the author) paid so little attention to the occasional refreshment of his costume, during his residence at Bunker's, that his fellow-boarders, if we are rightly informed, *held a formal meeting* on the subject, at which they *passed a resolution*, requesting him to change his linen." The idea of lugging in an author's personal appearance, into a review of his book, is thoroughly American. But the notion of the people at Bunker's calling a meeting, voting some one into the chair, and passing a formal resolution, to request a gentleman to change his shirt, beats anything I have ever heard or read of.

ENGLISH WRITERS ON AMERICA.

There is no country in the world which has nobler ideas imbodied in more worthless shapes. — E. P. WHIPPLE.
(An American author.)

“English writers on America” is the title to one of the chapters of the *Sketch Book*, in which the author censures, with some justice, the view which British travellers, at that time, took of the United States. “While men of philosophical spirit and cultivated minds,” he writes, “have been sent from England to ransack the poles, to penetrate the deserts, and to study the manners and customs of barbarous nations, with which she can have no permanent intercourse of profit or pleasure; it has been left to the broken-down tradesman, the scheming adventurer, the wandering mechanic, the Manchester and Birmingham agent, to be her oracles respecting America. From such sources she is content to receive her information,” &c.

These remarks, true as they undoubtedly were at the time of their publication, would be inapplicable at the present day. Since the *Sketch-*

Book was written, two of our greatest novelists, Captain Marryatt and Mr. Dickens, several of our most entertaining writers, among whom may be noticed Captain Basil Hall, and the author of "Cyril Thornton"—even lady-travellers, such as Mrs. Trollope and Mrs. Houston—have given to the world, books on America. These writers have, for the most part, concurred in the truth of the accounts, which the broken-down tradesmen, the scheming adventurers, and the Birmingham agents, had given before them. Whatever have been their conclusions on political questions, they have, at all events, agreed unanimously in one thing—in laughing at the social manners of the American people. Some other cause must be sought, therefore, to account for the representations of these authors, beyond the being "disappointed in some unreasonable expectation of sudden gain," or having "become arrogant on the the common boon of civility"—probable reasons, which might apply very well to the travellers of 1820, but would not hold good, with regard to those whom I have just mentioned. Might I venture to suggest to Americans the plain and palpable solution of the whole enigma. They have so represented things, *because they found them so*. Author after author has agreed in telling Europe the same story about the United States, simply because the story is TRUE; we are informed that

such and such things exist on the other side of the water, because, in fact, they DO exist there.

Those who do not admit this solution, must have recourse to some other, founded on the supposed jealousy, malignity, or narrow-mindedness, of British tourists, a character which I think can be sweepingly applied, neither to them, nor to the tourists of any other nation. On the contrary, I firmly believe that many Englishmen set foot, for the first time, on American soil, who are determined to be pleased with everything that they see around them, and who, yet, in a short while, become so disgusted at the private habits of the people, that they return to their own country, loving it as they never loved it before. Americans who have resided for any length of time in England, feel exactly as Englishmen do, on these subjects, and express themselves without reserve. As for the great bulk, who continue to inhabit their native country, I know that it is difficult—perhaps impossible—for them to understand, how the manners and customs of their countrymen should be looked upon by strangers, as grotesque and ridiculous. We fail to see anything remarkable in an object which is continually before our eyes ; habit may even exalt such an object, with all its defects, into a model to be copied. There are many anomalies in English society, over the naked absurdity of which, custom has thrown a veil.

Foreigners have the privilege of looking at these anomalies as they are. And when I notice, that in the works of French and German travellers, the same charges are almost uniformly brought against England, to wit, the want of intelligence and the brutality of our lower classes—the rude way in which the mistakes of foreigners are laughed at—the absence of taste in public constructions, dress, &c.,—the inordinate devotion to gain—and so forth; instead of attributing these remarks to the malignant envy of France and Germany, I am led to suppose, from the very frequency of their occurrence, and the number of observers who appear to be struck with the same ideas, that there must be something in them, at bottom. If Americans would only look at the question in the same light, they would soon be brought to the inevitable conclusion, that there are certain points in their national character, and, above all, in their national manners, which are peculiarly open to ridicule and satire; and, instead of crying down, as libellers, those who, in succession, introduce these points into their published observations on the country, they would quietly set about effecting a reform, in the particulars indicated.

At the same time, I am willing to admit that, in the present position of America, no European has ever given, or can ever hope to give, an accu-

rate account of what is taking place there. It is like a vast cauldron, containing an infinite variety of new institutions and new ideas, in a state of fusion ; until the froth has subsided, we can scarcely tell what sort of compound their admixture will produce. It is like a steam-engine passing us at the rate of sixty miles an hour, of which it is impossible to sketch anything more than the first outline. If I, for instance, were to attempt to put down on paper anything like an account of the sensations with which I regarded America, I should have to write in one and the same chapter that I consider it, at the same time, the most sublime and the most ridiculous, the most appalling and the most amusing, of all countries. That I looked upon its form of Government as one of the most perfect in the world ; and that I thought the House of Representatives to contain the most dirty ragamuffins that I had ever seen. That I contemplate, with pleasure, the probability of its fulfilling a destiny, as glorious as any nation that has preceded it ; and that I would rather go and live in China, than remain there. That to be an American citizen might well excite a feeling of pride ; but that I should, myself, shrink from enjoying the privileges of American citizenship, with the same instinctive aversion as would prevent my changing places with a chimney-sweep of poetical aspirations. All these

seeming paradoxes are reconciled, by referring to the admirable remark which I have prefixed to the present chapter: "There is no country in the world," says Mr. Whipple, "which has nobler ideas imbodyed in more worthless (*read* ridiculous) shapes." I believe this; and, accepting the remark, with a certain degree of latitude, I admit that in the same way as the persons whom you sit down with at dinner, or shudder on finding beside you at the theatre, are the "ridiculous shapes;" so, also, if you were to search a little further, you would be at no loss for the "nobler ideas." I can even allow that some of those very eccentricities, which most move the wrath of Englishmen, are nothing more than exaggerations of a principle, originally good; that the ruffian who, in a drawing-room or a railway-train, expectorates upon my boots, does so from a perverted notion of independence and equality; and that the lady whose acquaintance I forfeit, for uttering the indelicate expressions, "a rump-steak," "the breast of a fowl," etc., started with being suitably modest, before she became painfully absurd.

Taking this view of the question, and apprehending, that until such time as we can see the whirling and whizzing societies of the New World settled down for awhile, it will be impossible to take their portraits with any degree of correctness, I yet think, that in the daubs which have

been hitherto attempted, the defects of the subject have received a much larger share of attention, than its beauties. We have been told how every man speaks through his nose, which is not the case in Europe ; but we have *not* been told how every man is satisfied with the form of Government under which he lives, which is, also, not the case in Europe. We have heard of the rudeness and uncouth air of the people, when you first accost them, but not of their kindness and benevolence, when you are once admitted into their friendship. These, and similar omissions, must, I fear, be acknowledged on the part of most "English writers on America ;" nor on the part of any one will they be acknowledged, with more readiness, than on that of the author of a remarkably able and amusing series of sketches, positively thrown away at five shillings, but which shall be nameless.

If, however, it be contended, on the other side of the ocean, that this dwelling upon the "ridiculous shapes," rather than the "noble ideas," is to be attributed to the jealousy, or ill-will, or narrow-mindedness, of English tourists, there I take the liberty to differ. The traveller who passes a few months in a country can hope, on his return, to give little more than an account of what has befallen him individually, in that country ; he cannot be supposed to have arrived at a comprehension of those noble shapes and aerial aspira-

tions which may lurk behind. If the majority of persons in the country, through which I am journeying, strike me as remarkably short, or marvellously tall, or fat as aldermen, or thin as harlequins; if all the horses that I see, are white, or, on the other hand, black; if every individual whom I meet, seems to have but one eye, or no hands, or to be incessantly winking, or sneezing, or spitting, or tearing out his nails, or standing on his head, or chewing tobacco, or to be in any other way peculiar, and different from other men, I surely have a right to mention the circumstance, on my return home. It may be quite plain to me that nobody whom I see, is under six feet in height. *There* is a palpable fact, and I enter it in my note-book accordingly, and publish it to the world, as I am perfectly justified in doing. But it may not so readily strike me that in the country which I am visiting, "owing to the admirable sanitary regulations of government, mortality is less, by 12 per cent, than in any other country," or that, "the national debt is less than that of the surrounding countries." These facts will not obtrude themselves on my attention, in every bar-room that I enter, or every steam-boat that I consent to risk my life by travelling in. "Well, then, you ought not to give an opinion on the institutions of the country." Certainly not. I *have not* done so. I only said that all the men

that I met were six feet high. You may deny the fact, but I tell you that I saw them, and I believe my own eyes.*

I venture, therefore, to affirm that the principal sin to be laid to the charge of British tourists is, that they have not stayed in the country long enough, to outlive their first unfavourable (and, perhaps, distorted) impressions of it. I am quite certain that neither malignity, nor jealousy, nor ill-will, has been suffered to give a tone to their representations. The fault is not entirely on this side of the Atlantic. A great or a good man, who suffers himself to fall into eccentric habits, can hardly complain, if he be misjudged. What is true of an individual, is true of a nation. And if, as I believe to be the case, under an eccentric exterior, America conceals a generous heart and a great intellect, if—to use the words of her own author—she has embodied the noblest ideas in the most worthless shapes, why—oh, why—should it not be her effort to correct the faults, which those who profess to treat only of her external deportment have a right to notice, but which may convey a false impression of what is within? Why should she not rescue her noble ideas from

* These remarks do not, of course, apply to works professing to contain an examination of American Institutions, but to the hosts of light books (such as the present) which are continually issuing from the press.

those worthless shapes, which account for their remaining unseen, and justify their being misrepresented?

I am glad to learn that she is making these efforts, day by day. The Americans of a hundred years' hence will look upon some of the customs of their ancestors, with as deep a horror as we do now. Meanwhile, I hope I shall not be deemed presumptuous, for having endeavoured to set in their true light the causes, which have produced that unfavorable tone usually noticed in the works of "English writers on America."

THE PLEASURES OF HOMEWARD
TRAVEL.

Being unexpectedly recalled to England by a matter of business, I was compelled to cut short my stay, as I am now compelled to cut short my book. The reader will not, however, be so much grieved at the latter circumstance, as I was at the former.

When, however, I walked about the streets of Boston, for the last time, on the morning of my embarkation, and looked at the black funnel of the steamer, by the aid of which I could be so soon transported to my Home, (the word is worthy of a capital letter,) I could scarcely regret my sudden recall. I do not think that the certainty of making some wonderful discovery, or of experiencing something startling and strange; of finding out a new animal, or a new island; of being scalped by savage men, or gouged by civilized ones; could have induced me, at that moment, to prolong my stay. I am sure that the same feelings must arise in everybody's breast, and that, however much we may hear people talk

of their tour abroad, the happiest part of that tour is the moment when they are restored to their old friends and haunts. The only exception which suggests itself to my mind is, that of a gentleman returning with Mr. Daniel Forrester, as his *compagnon de voyage*.

It was a pleasant thing, for instance, on leaping on board, to hear the beloved Scotch accent resound on all sides of me; to be surrounded by persons distinguished, like myself, for their high shirt collars and tight pantaloons; to see rounds of beef placed every day on the table; to talk, once more, about Lords and Dukes; to find, within the compass of that vessel, an epitome of all the delights which one was hastening to; to be part of a miniature England, floating upon the sea. Even when stretched upon one's bed, sick and ill, it is not wholly disagreeable to be asked by the steward, whether you would like a glass of "*ot water*." The omission of the aspirate, proves that you have a kind countryman keeping watch beside you; and what, at other times, would strike you as simply ridiculous, becomes, through the agency of attendant circumstances, absolutely sublime.

It is pleasant, when you are sufficiently recovered to walk about the deck, to converse with some of your American fellow-passengers, who are going to Europe for the first time, and to learn

what they expect to see, and what is their opinion of the institutions of England. I remember three of these gentlemen, with whom I crossed over: respectable men of business, but by no means free from certain Transatlantic peculiarities of an uninviting character: who had determined upon taking private apartments at the Clarendon. I rather think they were inclined to be offended, when I ventured to dissuade them from the idea, on the ground that the Clarendon is a hotel at which noblemen, families of wealth, and foreign princes, with their retinues, are in the habit of putting up. That, said they, was precisely the reason why they were going there; because they had been informed that it was the best hotel in London. These gentlemen had, of course, been in the habit of frequenting the first hotels of Boston and Philadelphia. It was rather difficult to explain to them, that there was some degree of difference between the internal economy of Mivart's or the Clarendon, and the Tremont or Revere. The conductors of the two former establishments, will not, perhaps, thank me for representing them as the most exorbitant of men; the only means I could adopt to dissuade my three friends from settling themselves in a manner, which I am sure they would very soon have found unsuited to their comfort, as well as their pocket.

It is pleasant, while you are all sitting at dinner

in the saloon, to hear a loud cry on deck, to see the passengers jumping up and hurrying out of the door, and to be accommodated, in the confusion, with a slice of gooseberry pie in your lap. It is pleasant to be informed that two immense whales had been seen, but that they have, just at that precise moment, disappeared. It is pleasant to stand watching for them, in vain, till on descending again into the saloon, you are informed that the dinner has, just at that moment, disappeared, in the same manner as the whales. I say that these things are pleasant, and I mean what I say. At sea, we good-naturedly overlook these little *contre-temps*; and do not expect every thing to go as smoothly, as in our own well-regulated villa at home, with the wife of our bosom sitting before us, the male and female pledges on either side, and the footman airing his calves behind. *Then*, I have known a drop of gravy accidentally perpetrated on the table-cloth, by the ill-fated husband, to give rise to such a succession of glances, as I should think were hardly exhibited in his presence, *before* marriage. The same female censor, when on the Atlantic, would witness with composure, a roast fowl roosting on her husband's knees, or a highly ornamental dab of gravy fulfilling the functions of a breast-pin. The heaving and tossing of the ship, place these little misfortunes in the light of natural dispensations,

which it would be ill-natured to complain of, and useless to struggle against.

It was pleasant to me (though the reader may not enjoy similar good-luck) to watch a party, which comprised, besides miscellaneous parents and attendants, a young lady and her male cousin. That young lady must recollect, and that cousin must recollect, how, when in a state of sickness and misery, I was crouching before the funnel, and endeavouring to warm my icy limbs, I left my situation the moment that I observed them approaching together, although there was plenty of room for five or six to stand there. Such an instance of self-devotion, demands a slight return of gratitude, and it would be pleasant to hear that that gratitude had exhibited itself in the form of a crown-piece, invested in the purchase of this book. This would be beautiful and touching. Allow me, disinterestedly, to suggest it.

It is a pleasant thing to catch your first glimpse of land, even although it be the land of Erin. First of all a faint streak, undistinguishable from a cloud, (and which, probably, *is* a cloud,) will be pointed out to you, as a mountain; in the course of the next morning, you will find yourself close to the shore. You gaze at it with rapture; the Captain with indifference; the American with indignation, as he pulls out his telescope and looks, through it, for people dying of hunger. The

only passengers who exhibit any indifference to the spectacle, are the young lady and her cousin. They have chosen the precise moment, when every one is looking in the same direction, to be absent somewhere, by themselves. The lady-mother discovers their absence, and rushes after them. It is her own fault, however; why did not she teach her daughter geography? That young lady and her cousin have been looking out for Ireland, for full half an hour, on the other side of the vessel!

Nor do I think it unpleasant to catch one's first sight of Liverpool, which, means in other words, to stand on the shore; for, seen from a further distance, that town is merely a compact surface of fog. It is, above all things, pleasant to eat your breakfast at the Hotel. At this house of entertainment, there may be a total absence of splendour; there may even be the presence of a considerable degree of dirt. A dark mist presses against the windows, and bottles up the view which you might otherwise obtain from them (no loss). Yellow prints of fox-hunters decorate the walls. Everything emits that inn-like and tavernous smell, peculiar to the caravanseras of this island, compounded of certain indefinable and musty particles, in which stale cigar-smoke always plays a more or less conspicuous part. Still, how delightful to be freed from the incessant rattle, from the splendid discomfort of an American hotel!

When you come to think of what you have been going through, during the last few months, how ravishing to your senses will be the air of quiet which breathes around. Even dinginess will have its charms. The external mist will clear away, to a considerable extent, before your internal joy, at finding yourself safe at home again. Take a small glass of brandy-and-water, (which, after having been up the whole of the night before, you may be permitted, for once, to do,) and the mist will clear away still more. I cannot say from experience how far this theory might be found to be true, on setting one's self further examples.

It is pleasant, as you sit in the coffee-room, to glance your eye down the columns of the newspaper, and to extract what are the prominent topics of the day. The last English paper that you saw, could not possibly be less than three weeks—and would, in all probability, be a month—old. Since that time, what changes have taken place! Who is this Smith, who arrogates a whole side of the journal to himself? *He cut off the heads of his wife, and twin children!* And yet, only three weeks ago, and this same Smith was living unknown and uncared for, a private individual like yourself. It was not then a matter of all-absorbing interest to countless thousands of his countrymen, to know that Smith partook of tea for his breakfast, or wore a sky-blue cut-away.

A deed perpetrated in a little back kitchen, in two minutes, will give employment, for whole weeks and months, to people hundreds of miles away; it will carry the newspapers through the dull part of the year; it will communicate an agreeable stimulus to all. Smith is a public benefactor, and ought to have a statue erected to him. So he will, you will see,—a wax one.

Hallo! what is this about the Pope? The other sides are full of him. Hundreds of meetings are being held to put him down! You thought that had been done at the Reformation. It is everywhere proved, to delighted audiences, that he is the Beast! You thought the fact was incontrovertible. All the Joneses, Browns, and Robinsons, in the country, are ready to die for their Queen and faith! Who disputed it? The name of the Pope has raised a riot at Birkenhead, and he has been burnt in effigy at Croydon! What is the reason of all this? The more acute reader will, perhaps, find out a cause for the enthusiasm of Brown, Jones, and Robinson; I, less fortunate, have not succeeded in doing so. Of one thing, however, these persons may rest assured. They are taking a course exactly calculated to advance the Roman Catholic Religion in England. Popular fervour is much more easy to excite than to allay. A stone hurled at Cardinal Wiseman transforms him at once into a

martyr. A row in front of the new Cathedral at Southwark will just push on the whole affair that one step which is so necessary to its success—the step, namely, which separates the ridiculous from the sublime.

Here again! Here is a memorial to a man who was hale and hearty when you were last in England. They are getting up this memorial to him, on the plea that he was “good.” Well—well—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Nobody can complain, that in Great Britain the charitable precept is not observed. Here are Bishops, alarmed at the Papal crisis, eating their own expressions, and the sentiments with which you have always associated their names—here are men appointed to high offices in Chancery, who, a few months ago, were at the common-law bar, and would, probably, have refused to give you their opinion on a question of equity—here are third editions of popular novels that you had never heard of—people passing through the Insolvent Court, whom you used to toady for their dinners—men and women being married together, among the advertisements, who, when you left, were both married to some one else—two more shop-fronts added to Moses and Sons’ establishment—more Dukes cured by Holloway’s pills. So the world moves round, and only one thing remains the same. It is *unnecessary* to say that I allude to Smithfield.

It is not, upon the whole, unpleasant to lay down the paper, and to move on, with your luggage, to the railway station. To sit six or seven hours cooped up in the carriage, between Liverpool and London, is not usually considered pleasant, it is true ; but it almost becomes so, when you call to mind that you might be passing the same number of hours in an American car. As you think of those fearful vehicles, and their yellow inmates, a shudder will pass across your frame, but it will be the shudder with which a man, seated by a comfortable fire, listens to the roaring of the winter wind outside. You will, perhaps, be inclined to meditate, as you take your seat, that happiness is, after all, the great object of mankind, and that you, for your part, would be happier—and, to all intents and purposes, freer—in a despotic country, with the rack and the Inquisition for your institutions, than under the stars and stripes. For, in the one case, the chances are a thousand to one that *you* are never submitted to the rack or the knout. Whereas, the minor modes of torment incident to the latter are, like the sword of Damocles, always suspended over your head. They are not, like other tortures, the price of your adherence to a pure and disinterested (I mean an unsuccessful) line of politics, or an unfashionable creed in religion. They pursue the victim into private

life, and come down upon people of every line of politics, and of every creed.

It is pleasant (if you are not a shareholder) to contemplate the stability of the railway constructions, and to see what a beautiful terminus has been erected at Liverpool, for the accommodation of travellers. Here are no rude wooden barns, like those which you have left behind you; no lines of rail running right through the main streets of Warrington, Birmingham, and Rugby. No! everything looks, as it ought to do in old England, solid and substantial. You cross your puddles, on aqueducts; your unfrequented bye-lanes, on stone suspension bridges. Looking out of the window, at the different stations along the line, you have an opportunity of comparing together all the known styles of architecture, and some styles which you had not known before. Gothic, Ostro-Gothic, Saxon, Norman, Decorated, Vandal—all are here. Even the flower-pots in the superintendent's bed-room window are mediæval. I am not a shareholder, and, therefore, I found all this very pleasant and refreshing to look at, after crossing the ocean.

In enumerating the pleasant things which await the traveller on his return to England from America, the civility of the railway officials, and every one around you, must not be forgotten. My spirit had been so broken, in the United States, by

being driven remorselessly into cars; and belabored at by infuriated car-drivers; and run up against, and spit at, and whittled over by sailors in steam-boats, that it was not without some trepidation that I ventured to inquire which were the London carriages, of a graceful and gentlemanly policeman, who stood by. Instead of the familiar stare, and the sharp, nasal "Well, I guess they're down there," to which I had been accustomed, the great man, bowing low, actually showed the way to the proper carriage, and—will it be believed?—opened the door for me! I felt, as the captive monarch must have felt, when waited upon by his conqueror, the Black Prince.

It was very pleasant to me, at a station somewhere near the end of our journey, and at which we waited about ten minutes, to watch a party walking up and down on the platform in front of the carriages. The party consisted of an old gentleman, two young ladies, and a young gentleman in plaid trousers and moustaches. The humble, reverential, and more than usually awkward manner of the porters, when they answered any questions asked them by any of the four, at once convinced me that they must be persons of distinction. The expressions, "my lord" and "my lady," which presently came wafted to my ears, let me in for the stupendous fact, that I breathed at that moment the same air with a British Peer.

“ Perhaps they will get into this very carriage,” I thought to myself; and my heart was almost in my mouth (if it had been quite there, I should have bit it in two in my emotion) at the mere idea of such happiness.

No such thing. After hesitating a moment, they had the bad taste to prefer the next carriage, which was empty. I am sure the young ladies looked wistfully at the one where I was perceived with my face to the window—however, enough of this! The ceremony of getting that remarkable party into their places, will not easily pass out of my mind. Two enormous retainers, whose grey overcoats were dotted over with shining buttons, like stars in the twilight sky, were employed, for some minutes, in dealing on to the seats great packs of cloaks, coats, furs, scarfs, rugs, shawls, and mackintoshes, out of one of which packs, I am pretty sure that I saw the tail of an Italian greyhound emerge, and I have a strong impression that all the railway officials saw it, as well; but let that pass. Upon these, followed a tolerable wheelbarrowful of gun-cases, cases of various kinds, hat-boxes, and tin-boxes, the use of which I do not know, unless they are made to contain the coronet. Last of all came the human beings themselves, who took longer to pack than all that preceded, a circumstance not so much to be wondered at, as how they managed to find room at all.

And after the train had, I verily believe, been kept waiting for some minutes, for the purpose of bestowing the noble burden which it had received, off we steamed, and the last thing that I saw of the station was a party of bare heads bobbing and bowing in front of *the* carriage. Amongst others, I was delighted to recognize the head clerk of the station—who clearly had a bad cold—standing out in the damp, with *his* head bare. I am not malignant, but I hope that that cold is worse.

I merely mention these little circumstances, for the purpose of exhibiting an important philosophical fact. If, at any time, a man could be supposed to be free from a certain feeling—to avoid circumlocution, let us call it *snobbishness*, the name which it has lately gone by—if, at any time, a man could be supposed to be free from snobbishness, it would be, one would think, on his return from a country where the institutions which call forth that sentiment, have been abandoned by the good sense of the people. And yet I do not think that experience will prove this to be the case. On the contrary, it is my opinion that the traveller, on coming back from America, will run the risk, at first, of being too ardent a snob. He sees, for the first time, certain advantages of general refinement and good breeding arising from the establishment of a privileged class, which advantages he would never have found out if he had

not gone to a country where no such privileged class exists, and there marked the effect on the manners of the people at large. For even snobbishness has its bright sides ; and, as every vice is a virtue carried to extremes, so I hold that this snobbishness is but the exaggeration of a sentiment originally praiseworthy and good—perhaps, the organ of veneration unduly developed. And at no time will a man find this organ so likely to outgrow its limits, as when he is just fresh from a scene where nothing is venerated and nothing venerable. I know that such were my feelings on the occasion to which I have just referred, and that I was never more cheerfully disposed to acquiesce in the propriety of there being people above me, than with my recent experience of having been the equal of all men.

It is pleasant, very pleasant, to be aroused from such dry meditations as these, by the sight of that dear mass of fog, interspersed with houses, which people have agreed to call by the name of London ; to dart under the wheels of the emblazoned chariot, which is in waiting to receive your titled neighbours, and to find a place for yourself and your humble luggage, in a modest cab. And if you, my reader, be of the same opinion as the writer of this little book ; all that gaudy apparatus of prancing horses, yellow panels, gold-tipped staves, and powdered hair, which is whirled

past you, will inspire you with no feeling approaching to envy, or even to indignation, as you are dragged slowly along, to your rickety chambers, your dusty parchments, and (perhaps the only friend that awaits you) your cat. You do not consider the man who puts your luggage on the roof equal to *yourself*; why, then, must you be equal to the Queen? No! no! You will now, more than ever, be ready to exclaim, "Long may that time be distant in this happy island, when he who can afford to drive sixteen horses to his carriage, and have a hundred footmen in attendance on him, may not gratify his fancy with perfect security. And, above all things, deliver us, oh Lord, from universal equality, which is much more likely to be an equality in meanness and knavery, than in intellect, honesty, and virtue!"

THE END.

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"Among the numerous efforts to pourtray the life of a Cantab 'as it is,' that we have noticed of late years, we must decidedly, for accuracy of description and fidelity of detail, award the preference to the clever little brochure now before us; the author evidently knows his ground well, and we can assure the reader, that should he desire to enjoy a laugh in this dull season, he will be certain to find it in the clever hits off of our University friends. Fast and slow, Trinity and Queen's, all are here. We have heard that the book is not a favourite with certain students; but probably its only fault is that its Sketches are too true."

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